







C. Kingsley

ROUND THE WORLD:

A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY

CALVIN KINGSLEY, D. D.,

Late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Volume I.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.



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C. S.

PREFACE.

THE letters of BISHOP KINGSLEY, included in these volumes, were originally contributed to the official papers of the Church, and we commence with those which he wrote for the Western Christian Advocate from Europe in the year 1867. From Europe we trace his route round the world westwardly; first to Colorado, thence to Oregon and California by the great Pacific Railroad, and by steamer across the ocean to China and India. He had almost reached Europe again, in his circumnavigation of the globe, when he was overtaken by death. The progress of his last journey we have noted in our biographical sketch.

These letters abound in minute and careful observations, both of places and of people. The

characteristics and natural resources, the climate and productions, the beasts and birds of the countries which he visited, the condition and prospects of their population, their arts and manufactures, their domestic animals, their styles of architecture, their habits of living, their peculiar civilization, their religions and modes of worship are all admirably described. Nothing escaped the writer's notice. He saw with curious eye, and described with a facile and picturesque pen.

But the great burden of all these letters is the wants and demands of the mission work. Dr. KINGSLEY'S heart was touched and his sympathies were stirred when he saw how few are the workmen and how wide is the field. We can not doubt, had he lived to return, that our temples would have rung with his earnest and eloquent appeals for more laborers and more money to re-enforce the missions abroad. Even in these letters, and not only once, he utters his strong plea to the whole Church. We have the money and we have the men: why are not both forthcoming? We trust these volumes will awaken,

if not an enthusiasm, at least an interest, in the cause that lay so near his heart.

We have printed these letters just as they were. In a few of them there will be found some repetitions. This was inevitable, for they were written for papers published widely apart, and intended for readers in different sections of the country. But these repetitions are rather a charm than a fault, for they give greater freshness and vivacity to the descriptions. Besides, the language is varied, and what is repeated is told in a new way and with additional circumstances. Had we attempted to make any changes, we should have marred the whole; and had we omitted, we would have lost some of the best pages.

The brief memoir which we insert is compiled partly from the biographical sketch written by Rev. Moses Hill, D. D., and published in the Ladies' Repository for May, 1865, and largely from other sources accessible to us, besides what we have written of our own knowledge.

EDITOR.

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MEMOIR.

CALVIN KINGSLEY was born in Anns-ville, Oneida county, New York, September 8, 1812, and was the oldest of a family of twelve children. His father is a native of Connecticut, and his mother of the North of Ireland. In a ripe old age, they still survive, and, being surrounded by the comforts of the present life, and having a good hope for the future, they enjoy a contented and happy old age. Although not liberally educated, yet having been from their youth great readers of such books as were accessible, and being close observers and good judges of human nature, they may be said to be well cultivated and highly intelligent. They commenced the world poor, and have never become rich, as the world counts riches. They buried their youngest child, a son, at five years old, and have lived to see the other eleven all grow up, married, and well settled in life. The whole

family are disciples of Christ, and of the survivors the only remaining son is an able minister of the Gospel. Such parents have not lived in vain. They have acted well their part on this world's stage, and have laid up their treasures in heaven. Although not members of the Church at the time of the birth of their oldest son, his name plainly indicates "that they leaned sufficiently toward Calvinism." But only the name attaches to the Bishop. On his mother's side they were generally rigid Scotch Presbyterians, and on his father's side all who belonged to any Church belonged to the Presbyterians, with one exception.

Calvin was thus surrounded by influences calculated to prejudice his mind in favor of that system of religious faith indicated by his name. He was of a contemplative habit, even from a child, and thought much on the subject of his soul's salvation. He feared God from his youth, and has often been heard to say he could not remember the period so early in his history that he was not fully persuaded of the necessity of being born of the Spirit in order to be fitted for heaven. But he had not learned, at this early age, to take any cheerful views of religion. The faith of his early instructors furnished no such views. There was solemnity enough, and a sufficient sense of God's majesty, and purity, and

justice, and sovereignty. There was also an awful sense of the danger of dying without a perfect preparation, but he knew not that there was any cheering view on this side of death for the Christian. He never saw but one Methodist preacher or member till he was thirteen years old.

In 1826 his father left Oneida, and moved his family into Chautauqua county, the extreme western part of the State. This long move was effected with ox teams, in the month of March. Calvin, now fourteen years old, bore his full share in the toils and privations of this long and tedious move. The family settled in the township of Ellington, where the parents still reside. The country was new, and the early settlers were subjected to all the hardships of pioneer life. In this new home he first heard Methodist preaching, and, with an unction and power such as he never before had any conception of, they proclaimed salvation free, and full, and present for every soul of man. From his earliest life he had been impressed with his great sinfulness and his need of a Savior, and he accordingly listened with attention to their soul-stirring appeals. He heard their converts testify of the joy they had found in their religious experience. This was all new to him. We have heard him mention one case in particular.

George Hinman had experienced religion at a meeting some distance from home. On his return, with a heart full of joy and burning zeal, he declared to an astonished group of former friends that he had taken more "solid comfort" in *one hour* since his conversion than in all his previous life. This opened to his young mind an entirely new view of religion, and did much to dispel the former gloom and sadness which had hung over his mind.

The Methodist singing of that day was a power, and made a lasting impression upon him also. Such hymns as

"O, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey;"

and

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy;"

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,"

sung as our fathers and mothers sang them, had a powerful influence in leading him to Christ. The clear and happy experience of the Methodists, their usages, and their heavenly singing, all commended themselves both to his head and heart. New views of religion were opened to his soul, new truths fixed themselves in his conscience, and, after mature deliberation, he resolved to be a Christian in a higher sense than he had ever before known.

At the age of eighteen years he was happily converted to God. At this time neither of his parents enjoyed religion, though they had always respected and supported it.

Calvin having counted the cost, made up his mind deliberately to be a Christian, and to discharge every duty, however crossing to flesh and blood. With him to resolve was to act. He saw the path of duty, and entered upon the life of faith with an unfaltering purpose to meet his obligations to God and man with promptness and fidelity.

It was not long before he felt it his duty to have family prayers in his father's house. This was one of the greatest trials of his life. Naturally of a very diffident disposition, he trembled at the thought of praying in the presence of his father and mother, the former of whom was much inclined to criticise the religious performances of others. But it must be done. Finally it came to such extremity that he must either discharge this duty, or at least make the effort, or abandon his religion. The question was soon decided. He proposed to his parents that with their permission he would pray with them in the family morning and evening. They consented, and he entered upon the duty with much trembling, yet found great comfort in thus confessing Christ in

his father's house. It was not long, as we might suppose, before he saw both his parents converted and rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God.

From the time of his conversion he felt an exceedingly strong desire to obtain a collegiate education, but difficulties surrounded him on every hand. His father greatly needed his help in clearing up his new and heavily timbered farm. For the first two years after moving into Chautauqua county there were no schools in the neighborhood. But Mr. Kingsley took an active part in organizing a district, and erecting a rude, log school-house in the wilderness for the benefit of his children. Here his son attended school three months each Winter, and worked on the farm the remainder of the year. After attending school three Winters in this way, he was employed by the trustees to teach the same school for two successive Winters. This afforded him an opportunity, under many difficulties, however, to gratify his longing desire to improve his education. The first books he obtained in advance of those used in the district school he purchased by working a "sugar place" on shares, having one-half of the sugar for doing the work. This he carried on his shoulders, walking on foot, ten miles to Jamestown, where he exchanged his sugar for books with Deacon Fletcher, who then

traded in that town. These he studied with an eagerness and enjoyment known only to a mind thirsting for knowledge. But the country was new, and neither lamps nor candles were easily obtained; but "fat pine" was plenty in that part of the country. This he used for lights; taking the pieces well saturated with pitch he split them to a convenient size, then lighting one end he had a rude candle, which furnished some light and a great abundance of black smoke. He thus studied these books at night, long after others were asleep. He also carried them by day, one at a time, in his pocket, and in the intermissions from hard labor he snatched every moment to master their contents.

Finally, in order to increase his knowledge and also to assist his father, he engaged to teach a school through the year in an adjoining county, and devote his earnings to clearing lands on the farm. He now had a better chance for study, but the experience was a dear one to him. The labor of a large school, where all the branches were usually taught, and several extra ones, was necessarily great, and occupied fully eight hours each day. When this exhausting labor was over he applied himself so closely to his books that after nearly two years spent in this way his health failed. Having rested a few months, his health so

far improved as to enable him to teach another Winter school, the avails of which were his sole dependence to help him into college.

During this Winter (1835) he received license to exhort. This was done wholly without his knowledge till the written license was presented to him by the preacher in charge. He had studiously kept all his anxious thoughts on this subject to himself, never referring to the question even to his most intimate friends. But God was moving his great heart to the work of the ministry, and the Church soon made the discovery and forced the subject upon his attention. At first it seemed a thing impossible for him to preach the Gospel; but he reasoned thus, as we have heard him remark in relating his experience, "All things are possible with God; and if he has called me to this work, he can and will assist me to do it." Reasoning after this manner, and trusting God for help, he entered upon these duties with great fear and trembling. But the Lord owned and blessed the labors of his servant. Two excellent revivals followed his efforts, both among his scholars and others, the fruits of which remain unto this day.

Having thus used well the office of an exhorter, he was licensed to preach in 1837. After receiving his pay for his Winter's teaching he purchased

a suit of clothes, and with twenty dollars remaining he entered Alleghany College in 1836. Many stories are told of his rustic attire when he made his first appearance at College. He had on a boy's roundabout, low cowskin shoes, blue stockings and short pantaloons; but if any of the students were disposed to laugh at his uncouth attire, they soon found out that beneath that exterior there was an aspiring soul. Five years after he received his first degree from this institution, having in the mean time been obliged to leave and teach school at two different times during that period. His proficiency in his studies soon attracted the attention of the Faculty, and he had not been in College more than three terms before he was appointed tutor in mathematics. This greatly assisted him, both in his studies and in his finances. Thus, studying, teaching, and laboring with his hands, he was graduated in 1841.

This was the great year of Mr. Kingsley's life. In that year he was graduated, elected to his professorship, joined the Erie Conference, and was married. His wife's maiden name was Delia Scudder, a true and noble Christian woman, who has shared all his trials and triumphs, and now survives him a widow, whose grief none but Jesus can cure.

His first appointment in the Conference was to

Seagerstown circuit, and the following year he was sent as junior preacher to Meadville station. The appointments were made that he might be in the "regular work," for the Discipline then required that a preacher should literally travel and preach two years before he could be admitted to orders. This work he performed in addition to his heavy College duties. In 1843 he was admitted into full connection, and ordained deacon by Bishop Soule. Two years later he was ordained elder by Bishop Hamline.

In 1843 Pennsylvania withdrew the appropriations which she had formerly made to the colleges within her bounds, and it was found impossible for Alleghany College to proceed further without an endowment. The College, therefore, suspended its usual functions for one year, and Professor Kingsley was appointed an agent with others to enter upon the herculean task of endowing a college. For this purpose he worked night and day, and was eminently successful, traveling and preaching every-where over a territory of country hundreds of miles in extent, and receiving for his year's service \$200, less than twenty of which he could make available for his support.

During this year Professor Kingsley held his famous debate with Luther Lee. The public mind was greatly excited on the question of

slavery. Scott, Sunderland, and Lee had seceded from the Church in the East, and Edward Smith, Joseph Burras, and others had left it in the West. The True Wesleyan had been started to carry forward the unfinished work of the old Zion's Watchman, and was most terrific in its charges against the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Utica Convention had been held and the True Wesleyan Church organized. Abby Kelley and Stephen Foster, with others of like faith, were moving through the country charging all the evils of slavery and the wrongs of the oppressed upon the Churches, and especially upon the Methodist. Luther Lee came through Chautauqua county with a view to organize the new Church and to shake the foundations of the old. Lee's attack upon the Methodist Episcopal Church was terrible. He claimed that our Church was decidedly pro-slavery in her character, and cruelly oppressive in her government and practices.

Professor Kingsley's position on the question of slavery had been early and well chosen. From the first he had been a decidedly antislavery man, but his antislavery principles had never in the least arrayed him against his Church. He knew there was not one element in Methodism that had any sympathy with slavery. He therefore entered into an arrangement with Lee for a

public discussion of these questions. The debate was opened in Salem and closed in Jamestown, Chautauqua county, New York. Lee was assisted by Edward Smith and Kingsley by J. J. Steadman and Thomas Graham. The whole question, perhaps, has never been more thoroughly discussed since the great controversy came before the people. Here Professor Kingsley at once showed himself a master. His perfect coolness, his good temper, his skill in detecting sophistry, his ability in stating his position at once marked him as a debater of the highest order. His closing speech, so full of argument and tender pathos, has not been forgotten by those who heard it.

This year's labor greatly increased the rising reputation of Professor Kingsley, and gave him a strong position in his Conference. He was stationed at the city of Erie the two following years. Here he found himself in the regular pastoral work, for which he always had a strong attachment. The Church greatly prospered under his labors. His congregations were large, and many were converted. Here, also, he held another public discussion with a Universalist minister, who was considered a great champion, and who had a large congregation in that city. This debate occupied the greater part of one week, and

it is not exceeding the truth to say Professor Kingsley was abundantly successful. Many sent him tokens of respect, and some very substantial donations for the needful service he had rendered the cause of truth and religion in that place. While in this station he reviewed, in two lectures, a work on the resurrection by Professor Bush. Leading members of his congregation desired these lectures for publication, which resulted in a work published at our Book Room in New York, entitled, "Kingsley on the Resurrection." This work received the cordial indorsement of our Church periodicals, and was highly eulogized by the religious press generally. It is a very able statement and defense of the evangelical doctrine of the resurrection.

He loved the work of a preacher, and had made up his mind to devote his life to what was called the "regular work." Accordingly he sent his resignation to the trustees of the College as Professor of Mathematics, but they declined to accept it, and urged him, as also did many others, to return to his former labors, insisting that the good of the College absolutely demanded it. He yielded to these entreaties against his own preference, and also against his own pecuniary interest. His connection with the College in a pecuniary point of view was at a sacrifice of

hundreds of dollars annually. He was offered in the regular work twice as much salary as the College paid him. But while in college he was in fact as well as in feeling an itinerant preacher, as the entire region round Meadville can testify. He would teach five days in the week, hearing five or six classes daily, then leave for a distant appointment, preach from two to five times, and hurry back on Monday morning to meet his classes. His experience of college life led him ever to sympathize largely with that noble class of men who, by their labors and sacrifices, are upholding our literary institutions. And he had no sympathy whatever with any who would wish to punish or in any way undervalue their brethren who, in obedience to the demands of the Church, labor in our colleges and seminaries of learning, while most of them, so far as comfort and support are concerned, could do abundantly better in other fields of labor.

In February, 1846, he left his station in Erie and returned to Meadville. He was cordially received back by his old friends and entered at once upon his college duties. The Unitarians, in the mean time, had established a school of high grade in Meadville, and brought from New England a gentleman by the name of Stebbins, who served both as president of their school and pastor of

their congregation. He was a fine scholar, a good speaker, and a bold and decided Unitarian. His fine speaking drew together a large congregation, and the social position of the Unitarians in Meadville made him a power in the community. In his preaching he attacked with great vehemence the doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the personality and divinity of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of atonement, and other points in the orthodox faith. The public mind seemed turning toward the Unitarian faith. The ministers of the place in their various pulpits replied, but seemed not to arrest the public mind. In this state of things various gentlemen from the different Churches invited Professor Kingsley to deliver a few lectures on these points. This call he readily answered, and delivered seven lectures on the distinctive features of Unitarianism, defending also with masterly ability the great truths of the orthodox faith. These lectures were listened to by the great mass of the people, and were productive of great good. They are yet in manuscript, and if brought out in book form would prove a great addition to our literature on those subjects.

In 1852 he led his delegation by a decided vote as a member of the General Conference held in Boston; and though a comparative stranger to

many of the brethren, yet he made so favorable an impression on the delegates that in the election of bishops he received upward of forty votes for the Episcopacy. In 1853 the Genesee College conferred on him the degree of "Doctor of Divinity." He again led his delegation for the General Conference of 1856, and was an active member of the Committee on Slavery, but took no part in the discussion of that question in open Conference, owing to a severe illness which confined him to his room. At this Conference he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, as the successor of the venerable Dr. Elliott. Some who were unacquainted with Dr. Kingsley's ability feared for the success of the paper, but only a few weeks served to dispel all fears, and perhaps the *Advocate* never had a more popular editor.

The editorial chairs for the different Church periodicals were filled, at this Conference, by men representing both sides of the great controversy. This caused some little friction in the working of our Church literature. This was, perhaps, the best that could have been done at that time. The brethren were courteous toward each other, and the subject was discussed freely and fully, and at the end of four years the Church was prepared for harmony of sentiment

in her General Conference papers. The Western Christian Advocate, in the hands of Dr. Kingsley, was understood by all to be a decidedly progressive antislavery paper. He claimed, from the first, that it was due to justice and religion that the Methodist Episcopal Church should so change her General Rule on slavery that her position would be entirely unequivocal on that subject.

In 1860 he was again in the General Conference, held in Buffalo, and was made chairman of the Committee on Slavery. This was a difficult position to fill. The parties were strong and determined. The one demanded some advanced action on the subject of slavery, and the other that the Discipline should remain as it was. The antislavery sentiment had at last come to power, and there was in the field a political party of avowed antislavery principles. Premonitions of a terrible commotion were already in the air. The convictions of the North were strong, and the excitement of the South was intense.

The Church had already divided once on this very question, and it was urged, with the utmost vehemence, that any change in the disciplinary utterance of the Church on slavery would inevitably precipitate the border Churches into secession. It was also urged that another division of

the Church would but aid the threatened division of the country, which would doubtless result in a terrible and bloody war. Argument, denunciation, and appeal, on both sides, invested the question of revision with almost unprecedented difficulties. The all-involving question of that Conference was slavery. The committee on that subject was, therefore, the most important of the whole list. Dr. Dempster said of him, at that time, "As he [Kingsley] met and controverted the objections urged by the great men of the Church, he discovered a depth and comprehension of judgment that I supposed did not belong to a mortal." Dr. Kingsley had thrown this question upon the Church years before, but the Church would not listen. He said then, "I will yet be heard upon this question."

Many who were interested for Dr. Kingsley's standing feared that his position here must cost him both friends and influence. The question was beset with great difficulties, and the committee labored long and hard to remove them, but in vain. So the question, with all its difficulties, was brought into open Conference, to be determined by that body. Dr. Kingsley judged it best to argue the subject thoroughly in the body of his report. This he did with a skill and power which did great credit both to his head

and heart. Some thought it the strongest article they had seen on that subject, while all agreed that it was a very able and Christian document. But the Conference was not so united on the propositions to change the General Rule and adopt the new chapter. These questions were debated at great length, and with great energy. Having fully discussed the subject in his report, Dr. Kingsley was silent during this debate till the last, when he was permitted by the Conference, as chairman of the committee, to close the discussion. In this speech he fully justified the expectations of his friends, and added to his already extended reputation. This speech was not only clear and forcible, but full of Christian sympathy and tenderness. He felt the great importance of the measure for our Church in the East, North, and West, and he also comprehended the difficulties which it would bring upon our brethren along the border.

The effect of such a closing of the discussion was most salutary. Brethren felt, though they could not harmonize in their views, they were yet one in heart. The report was adopted, and Dr. Kingsley had the distinguished honor of leading the Church that one step forward on the then vital issue.

At this Conference he was re-elected editor of

the *Western Christian Advocate*. The *Methodist* was immediately started in New York, and Dr. Bond was at the head of the *Baltimore Advocate*; both these papers were strongly opposed to the action of the General Conference, and the signs of the times indicated another four years of strife in the Church. But the great rebellion broke out the following Winter, which so united the feelings of the North that the controversy in the Church, growing out of the slavery question, entirely ceased. Dr. Kingsley now brought the whole force of the *Advocate* to bear in support of the Government in putting down the rebellion. During the war his vigilant eye was upon every movement of our army and the enemy, and his articles on the war were very able. His editorial utterances, though always prudent and careful of the rights of brethren who differed from him, were never uncertain, never vacillating, and never swayed by the popular current of thought or passion. His ready and clear perception of the right, his promptness to act upon his own convictions, and the complete control which he maintained over his tempers and prejudices fitted him admirably for the leadership of the thought of the Church in times of conflict and danger. He stood calmly at his post, like the trusty pilot in the storm, anxious only for the precious inter-

ests committed to his keeping. Some, indeed, thought him too decided; that his paper had too much to do with politics; but the great body of the Church and people looked upon the *Western Christian Advocate* as a great power for good in saving the nation. In the memory of all sound Methodists and patriotic men his services in the hour of our country's need will be cherished with grateful affection. Profound theological dissertations were also characteristic of the journal during his editorship.

Dr. Kingsley was elected to the General Conference of 1864, making the fourth time his Conference so honored him, always leading his delegation. At this General Conference he was elected and ordained to the office of Bishop, the highest honor the Church had to bestow. He took his seat on the Episcopal bench in the prime of life, in good health and mature judgment, and the Church had good reason to expect much from him in the future. The Erie Conference, at its session after his election, invited him to make his future home within their bounds, and after a consultation with his colleagues he concluded to do so, and located his family in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where they continued to reside until his departure for the far East.

The episcopal career of Bishop Kingsley was

short but brilliant ; it was characterized throughout by the most unreserved consecration and the most unwearied devotion. He recognized the magnitude of the office, the full weight of its responsibilities, the almost world-wide extent of its supervision, and gave himself wholly to it. During his episcopate of six years his labors were constant and his journeys almost unremitting. Though he fell before he had quite consummated his great tour around the world, yet in his various episcopal visitations he had much more than circumnavigated the globe.

In 1865 the supervision of the Conferences beyond the Rocky Mountains was assigned to him. In the early part of May of that year he left his home in Cleveland for Idaho and California by the overland route. He attended the Colorado Conference from June 22d to June 26th. Finding it impossible to reach California by this route, on account of the Indian outbreak, he hastened back to the East, reaching Cleveland on the 12th of July, and almost immediately left for New York, whence he embarked, by sea, on Saturday, July 22d, and reached San Francisco on the 11th of August. He hastened to Virginia City to meet the Nevada Conference, on the 7th of September. He returned to San Francisco and met the California Conference, September

20th. On the 3d of October he sailed from San Francisco, and reached New York on the 26th. In this remarkable journey, by which he attempted to reach his appointments both by sea and by land, he commenced those admirable letters which have constituted quite a feature in his episcopal journeys, and which secure to the Church this valuable legacy from his pen which will long survive himself and be a blessing to the cause of Christ while he rests from his labors. His prompt return from Colorado, on finding his way blocked up by the Indian depredations, and his embarkation to reach his appointments by sea, exhibited also the indomitable purpose and indefatigable energy of the man.

In the management of the episcopal work for 1866 his labor was to have been chiefly in presiding over what we may call the home Conferences. The visitation of the Pacific Conferences was assigned to Bishop Baker, who started upon his journey, intending, as Bishop Kingsley had desired to do, to reach California by the overland route. The Bishop, however, was arrested on his way by a stroke of paralysis, from which he has never recovered. Our heroic Bishop again sprang into the breach, and sailed from New York in July of that year. He reached San Francisco on the 15th of August, and met the

California Conference, at San Jose, on the 19th. On the 5th of September he met the Nevada Conference at Washoe. Being too late for the Oregon Conference, Dr. Benson presided over that, and Bishop Kingsley sailed for New York, reaching that city on Sunday morning, October 21st.

In 1867 the supervision of the European Mission Conferences was assigned to Bishop Kingsley. He left New York for Ireland in the steamer *Persia* on Wednesday, the 15th of May. His letters from Ireland will be found in this volume, and are among the most interesting, instructive, and discriminating letters that have ever been written from that country. He attended the session of the German and Switzerland Mission Conference, held at Zurich, June 20th. He also visited the Scandinavian Missions, embracing Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and his letters descriptive of these countries and peoples, and our missionary operations in Europe, are exceedingly interesting and valuable. He sailed from Bremen on the 26th of August and reached New York on the 7th of September. Before leaving for Europe he presided over the Baltimore and East Baltimore, New Hampshire, and Oneida Conferences, and after his return over the Holston and Illinois Conferences.

In 1868 he presided over the following Conferences: Central German, Erie, Genesee, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Pittsburg, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

The year 1869 marks the memorable epoch of his life. The General Conference of 1868 had clothed the Mission Conferences of Europe and Asia with full Conference powers, and ordered an episcopal visitation. At the meeting of the Bishops to arrange for the work for this year the question arose who should make this great journey. The saintly and heroic Thomson, who in 1864 and 1865 had visited our missions in Europe, and India, and China, again promptly volunteered for this service, and we have been informed that the work had actually been assigned to him at his own request, but in a short time the question was reconsidered and Bishop Kingsley heartily volunteered for the work. The plan embraced a voyage around the world!—the first of such a character in the world's whole history.

The only Eastern Conference assigned to him for this year was Troy, which he met in West Troy on April 14th. He then began his preparations for his great tour. On the 10th of May, 1869, we bade him farewell in the city of Cincinnati. He was in vigorous health, in hopeful spirits, full of determined purpose to prosecute

his great mission at whatever cost of labor strength, or even of life itself. He was accompanied to California by his wife and a daughter, going by the new Pacific Railroad. He opened the Colorado Conference, held at Central City, June 24, 1869. On the 5th of August he met the Oregon Conference in Eugene City, and on the 18th the Nevada Conference at Washoe. On the 26th of August he opened the California Conference at Napa, and at its close finished the American part of his great tour.

On the 8th of September he sailed from San Francisco for China, visiting Japan by the way. He reached China early in October, and visited Shanghai, Pekin, and other northern cities, minute accounts of which shorter journeys are given with graphic skill in his letters. In November he reached the city of Foo Chow, our oldest and most flourishing mission station in China. On Tuesday, the 16th, he opened and organized the China Conference. In addition to what his own letters say of this event, we give here an interesting letter from Rev. Justus Doolittle, a veteran missionary of the American Board, of the same city, and an unfaltering friend of our China mission.

“The week ending with Monday, the 22d of November, was one of great and unusual interest

to the friends of missions generally, and to the Methodist Episcopal mission particularly. The special occasion was the General Annual Meeting of the native helpers of that mission at Foo Chow, their examination, and the ordination of seven of their number to the office or order of deacons, and of four of the seven to the office or order of elders in the Methodist Church by Bishop Kingsley.

“Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were devoted to the examination of the native helpers on certain portions of the sacred Scriptures, and on the Discipline and regulations of the Methodist Church, and on sermons prepared by some of the helpers. The portions of the Bible and of the Discipline on which they were examined had been given out at the General Meeting held last year in October, as subjects of special study during the present year. Four sessions were held each of these three days. The helpers passed the ordeal very creditably. The missionaries and the most intelligent of the native preachers acted as examiners.

“Friday and the forenoon of Saturday were occupied in the examination of the old helpers in regard to their personal character, and the examination of the new candidates for the position of student, or assistant helpers, and in the prosecu-

tion of such other business as was intimately connected with the work of the past, or the work of the following year. These sessions were presided over by Bishop Kingsley, assisted by the members of the mission, who translated for him. It was concluded to retain all of the old helpers and student helpers except four or five, some of whom offered their resignation, and a large class of new student helpers were received.

“As has been the practice for several years, the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from 7 until after 9 o'clock, were devoted to the consideration of the important subjects, *Spreading of the Gospel*, *the Bible Cause*, and *the Opium Question*, respectively. These meetings were presided over by native Christians, who conducted themselves in a very creditable manner, introducing the subjects by appropriate remarks, after having engaged in singing, reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. They called upon the speakers in the order which had been fixed upon, the programme having been printed, with names of speakers and subjects to be discussed. Only three brief speeches were made by the missionaries during these three evenings. While all the addresses made by the Chinese preachers were good, most of them were remarkably excellent and practical, and would have done credit to

young men of American or English birth and education, as regards arrangement, thought, and manner. During the evening devoted to the subject of '*Spreading the Gospel*,' a list of the contributions made for that object by the native Christians connected with the Methodist missions the past year was read, whereby it appeared that 311,742 cash—a little short of \$300—had been thus contributed. This fact is of a very encouraging nature. It is believed, however, that during the coming year the contributions for the spreading of the Gospel made by the native Churches will be very much larger.

“After much thought, consultation, and prayer, it was decided by the Bishop and the mission to ordain as deacons certain seven of the ‘licensed’ native preachers, and as elders certain four of that number. These men have been employed in preaching the Gospel from four or five years to over ten years each. In the love-feast, held on Sabbath morning, November 21st, these brethren had an opportunity of briefly expressing their feelings in view of their proposed ordination. They all seemed deeply impressed with the importance, solemnity, and responsibility of the position in the Church they were to hold—*the first ordained deacons of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China.*

“At the close of an impressive sermon on the character and conduct which it was binding on them to sustain and exhibit, delivered soon after the termination of the love-feast by one of the missionaries, Bishop Kingsley proceeded to ordain the seven to be ‘deacons in the Church of God.’ The scene was solemn and impressive. It will not soon be forgotten by the crowded house which witnessed it.

“In the evening of the Sabbath, four of the seven deacons were solemnly consecrated and ordained to the eldership by the Bishop—the Methodist missionaries and two American Presbyterian ministers who were present, joining with the Bishop in the imposition of hands on the heads of those who were thus set apart to the service of God in the holy ministry. The ordaining prayer was translated in the case of each candidate by the senior missionary of the Methodist mission. The ordination was followed by the administration of the Lord’s-Supper, at which the foreign Christians, American and English, partook, as did a large number of Chinese Christians—estimated to amount to over one hundred. The newly ordained deacons and elders assisted in the administration of the Supper on this interesting and memorable occasion.

“The body of native preachers and student

helpers met on Monday morning and received their appointments for the coming year.

“The men who were ordained deacons or elders range from thirty to forty-six years of age. Three of them are brothers—one of them being the person who spent two or three years in study in New York. One is a graduate of the Mission Boarding-School, of which he was a member when Rev. Otis Gibson, now missionary to the Chinese in California, had charge of it. Another was a hard-working blacksmith when converted. He subsequently labored at the anvil, and at the same time, with unwearied application, studied the sacred Scriptures, which he placed near by, talking incessantly with his customers about the glorious Gospel. He soon developed such singular zeal and rare ability in public speaking that he was employed as native helper. The remaining two, one a literary man by profession, and the other formerly a merchant and opium-seller, as well as opium-smoker, have already given good proof of their call to the ministry by their devoted labors and their abundant success in interesting their countrymen in the Gospel, and in leading them into the Church. The latter one, the oldest of the seven, is often referred to among foreign missionaries as brother Binkley’s man, from the circumstance that Rev. Mr. Binkley,

who was obliged to return to the United States six or seven years since, was instrumental in his conversion.

“These seven are in charge of churches at very important centers. Mr. Binkley’s man is stationed at the principal city in Hing Hua prefecture—the literary man at the principal city in the district of Foo ’Ching, forty and seventy miles to the south-east of Foo Chow. The youngest and the second of the three brothers in the corresponding cities of ’Ku-tien and Ming-’Ching districts, one hundred miles and forty miles to the north-west and west of Foo Chow respectively. The eldest brother is in charge of the Church near which the Methodist missionaries live, and in which the annual meetings are held. The graduate of the Mission Boarding-School is in charge of the Church on East-street in the city of Foo Chow, and the zealous and eloquent blacksmith—learned in the Scriptures—is in charge of the Church located a mile from the south gate of the city in the great southern suburb.

“This sketch would be incomplete if a reference should not be made to the presents given Bishop Kingsley, on the Wednesday evening after the ordination services, at the usual time of holding the missionary weekly prayer-meeting.

Five of the ordained men, the other two being away, without notice or warning walked into the room where the meeting was to be held, each conveying a valuable present, consisting of Japan or Foo Chow made lacquered boxes, of superior workmanship, and a beautiful fan, which some one subsequently suggested was intended for Mrs. Kingsley. On this their names had been neatly inscribed. Without a word they placed these things on the center-table, while they remained standing near it. The senior missionary addressed the Bishop, who arose, while the esteem in which he was held by them and the fraternal salutations and farewells of the ordained were presented to him. He replied in a brief speech, which was duly translated to them, in which he thanked them for the beautiful tokens given him, which he said he should value highly, and show his friends in America. He expressed his great pleasure in having met them, and his satisfaction in their character as Christian ministers.

“Soon after this a member of the mission approached him with a heavy volume containing fifty or sixty large and superior photographic views of Foo Chow and the adjacent scenery, which he presented the Bishop in the name of the Methodist missionaries. He read a short and well-worded address to the Bishop, which

expressed their gratitude for his services in his official capacity, and their sense of the profit they and their families had derived from his counsel and example during his brief sojourn with them, and their best wishes for his happiness and usefulness during the remaining portion of his trip around the world, as well as during his life, assuring him they would be glad to welcome him again at Foo Chow. The Bishop, who evidently was taken by surprise, remarked that he could not be expected to make a lengthy and appropriate reply to this address, and that he must be allowed to imitate the example of President Grant on similar occasions, and say simply with all his heart, 'I thank you.' He subsequently examined with pleasure the valuable present of photographic scenes, as will his many friends in the United States, who may have the opportunity of looking it over."

At the close of these services the following letter was presented to the Bishop:

"FOO CHOW, CHINA, TUNGCHI, }
"8th year, 10th moon, 19th day, November 22, 1869. }

"The servants of Jesus Christ in Foo Chow Hü Pó Mi and others, beg respectfully to present this letter to their beloved Bishop Kingsley. Formerly we were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and

strangers from the covenants of promise, 'having no hope, and without God in the world.' But during the past few years we have received the instructions of the missionaries, and thus, through God's mercy, have been brought from darkness to light, and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son. For such wondrous grace we would render ceaseless thanks to Almighty God.

"Since hearing of your purpose to visit China we have thought much of your fragrant name, and now that we are permitted to see your face our hearts are filled with unspeakable joy. Your godly admonitions and affectionate counsels while with us have been graven on our hearts, never to be forgotten.

"Our prayers shall constantly ascend to God that in his great mercy he will preserve you day and night in all your journeyings in the lands whither you may go, and in due time may bring you in peace to your native land, and into the presence of your aged parents.

"On behalf of ourselves and all the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Foo Chow we beg you to present our sincere thanks to the Missionary Society and all the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States for all their great and long-continued kindness to

us; and we further beg that you will kindly ask them all to pray for us, especially for us who have been ordained deacons and elders in the Church of God, that we all may 'witness a good profession before many witnesses,' may 'make full proof of our ministry,' and may 'keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ,' so that when we have finished our course on earth it may be our blessed privilege to meet you all—bishops, pastors, brethren, and sisters—in the kingdom of heaven.

“Unable to write all we wish to say, we beg you to accept these few sentences as an imperfect indication of our feelings, and kindly accept for yourself, your parents, and Mrs. Kingsley our cordial Christian salutations and best wishes.

Deacons.

YEK ING KWANG,
LI YU MI,
HU SING MI.

Elders.

HU PO MI,
HU YONG MI,
LING CHING TING,
SIA SEK OUG.”

On Friday, November 26th, having completed the second stage of his great journey, he left Foo Chow for Hong Kong, reaching that city on the 29th. The next morning, at nine o'clock, he sailed for Calcutta on the English steamer Orissa. On the 6th of December he reached

Singapore, and on the 14th touched and went ashore for a few hours at Point de Galle, on the south-west coast of Ceylon. On the 18th he reached Madras and stopped a short time. The vessel entered the river Hoogley, one of the mouths of the Ganges, on the 21st, and on the 22d he reached Calcutta, where he remained only two days. A journey of eight hundred miles through the interior provinces, including a visit to Benares, the "sacred city of the Hindoos," brought him to Lucknow, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Oude. Here he arrived on the 29th in excellent health and spirits, and anxious at once to acquaint himself with the working of our missions in India.

On January 20th he opened the Sixth Annual Session of the India Mission Conference at Bareilly. Fifteen Americans and four natives answered to their names. All the wives and children of the missionaries were also present. On the Sabbath the Bishop ordained five deacons, three of them as local ministers, and two natives as elders. The Conference closed on the 27th, and the Bishop hastened on his journey.

His face was now turned homeward, and we trace him by his letters in the Arabian Sea on February 10th, in the Gulf of Aden on February 20th, in the Red Sea February 23d, arriving at

Cairo on the 1st of March. He turned aside to visit the pyramids, and on the 4th was in Alexandria. His visit to the Holy Land was a detour for his own gratification. His great episcopal tour still embraced a visit to the missions in Bulgaria, the Presidency of the German and Switzerland Conference at Carlsruhe, May 26th, a visit to Switzerland, a visit to the Irish Conference, and as delegate to the British Conference at London. After this he was to visit the missions of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. Then this great work done, he was expected to reach home early in September.

Determining to visit the Holy Land, he sailed from Alexandria for Joppa on the 6th of March. Private letters to his family briefly trace his course through Palestine. On the 15th of March he writes:

“ This trip to Jerusalem is vastly more fatiguing than I had any idea of. If I had known beforehand how hard it would be I should not have engaged in it. The day I got here I was more nearly tired to death than ever before in my life. There is no other way but to come on horseback, and being unaccustomed to ride in this way, and having a miserable horse and a worse saddle and bridle, it altogether nearly killed me.

“I landed at Joppa, went and saw the house of Simon the Tanner by the sea-side, and on my way there saw where David killed Goliath. After about ten miles from Joppa we climb mountains all the way to Jerusalem, which is itself on the mountains.

“Since I have been here I have visited the Temple of Solomon, or what was once the Temple, the Tower and the Tomb of David, the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah; have been at the top of the Mount of Olives, at the Garden of Gethsemane, at Bethany, where Lazarus, Mary, and Martha lived, through the valleys of Jehoshaphat, Kedron, and Gehenna, into the Upper Room where the Sacrament was instituted, into the place where Christ was scourged, into the place where judgment was pronounced against him by Pilate, at the place where he was crucified, and into the sepulcher where he was buried; have seen where he wept over Jerusalem and ascended to heaven. Day before yesterday I went to Bethlehem, where Christ was born; saw the manger where he was laid; saw the Tomb of Rachel, and the place where Elijah hid himself from Jezebel.”

In another letter of the same date he writes:

“To-day is Tuesday, and I have been in Jerusalem since last Thursday, and expect to start on

Friday for a visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and from there to Jericho, and thence by the Sea of Galilee to Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, and so on to Beyroot and to Constantinople. Dr. Bannister is here, and Mr. Wilson, brother to Judge Wilson, of Minnesota, and several other Americans, who will make the journey with me. There will be thirteen of us altogether. We have to go with tents, and take a dragoman with us as guide."

Again he wrote on the 16th:

"I have been into the Temple of Solomon as it now is; that is, into the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of the old Temple. Every thing in Jerusalem has been destroyed about twenty times in the wars that have swept over the place. It is dry and hot here now, and the country all around Jerusalem for many miles is very barren, being covered all over with rocks. Jerusalem is all stone. The walls, floors, stairs, roofs of houses, every thing is made of stone. It would be impossible to burn the city with fire."

Another letter from his pen, dated Jerusalem, March 14th, and containing a postscript dated Beyroot, April 4th, we introduce here, as a touching illustration of the Bishop's genuine and hearty sympathy with his fellow-laborers in the cause of Christ, and as containing some of his

last precious words and thoughts, appearing to be almost prophetic of his approaching end. To Rev. C. E. Felton, of Cleveland, of whose sore affliction in the loss of his beloved wife the Bishop had recently heard, he wrote as follows :

“I have thought of you very often in my journeyings, and watched with deep interest the tidings from your family as they came to me through letters from home. I know that any consolation I can offer you at a time like this is very inadequate to heal a heart so stricken as yours must be. Time and the grace of God are both needed to soothe such anguish. I have thought of you in the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus carried our sorrows, and where he said, ‘not my will but thine be done.’ It seems to me that I am better acquainted with my Savior since I have traveled over the places consecrated by his footsteps. I have looked with moistened eyes into the sacred manger at Bethlehem where he was born, and into the hall where he was condemned, and into the place of his cruel scourging. I have been into the tomb where his body was laid, and followed his footsteps to Bethany, where, after the toils and rebuffs of sinners, he sought congenial society in the company of Lazarus, and Mary, and Martha, and stood upon the mount from which he ascended to

heaven. Every thing here brings him fresh to mind, and teaches me more and more what a sympathizing friend he is.

“This precious sympathy is the special thing I would offer you at a time like this. But you need not that I should thus write, for you have learned long ere this to cast all your burden upon him.

“This afternoon I have been at the Pool of Siloam, where he was wont to resort and dispense his blessings. I have seen where he stood and wept over Jerusalem, and I say again all fills me more and more with the conviction that his sympathy is the most precious of all consolations in the hour of deepest affliction.

“There are no two countenances more fresh in my mind than those of your dear departed wife and your own. I shall never forget your kindness to myself and family when homeless you took us to your house and hearts.

“How precious is the Gospel that brings life and immortality to light! The separation from loved ones who die in the Lord will be but temporary. We shall meet them where

‘Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.’

I send you inclosed a leaf plucked from one of the olive trees growing in the Garden of Gethsemane. ‘The time is short; it remaineth that

both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy as though they possessed not.' With sister Felton this is now history; with all of us who yet live it is prophecy, soon to be fulfilled."

Alas! in the person of the writer of these words in less than four weeks from the time of their writing they had become history also.

The last letter from his pen bears the date, "Beyroot, Monday, April 4, 1870," just two days before his death. It was addressed to his wife. He says:

"I found the mails so irregular from Jerusalem that I concluded to bring my letter along with me to Beyroot, and mail it here. Since the other letter was written I have traveled on horseback through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. I have visited the Dead Sea and the Jordan. We rode on horseback days and slept in tents at night. There are no roads in this country, and no carriages of any kind; I have not seen so much as a buggy, or cart, or wagon, or any such thing. Our paths lie over steep mountains, where the going is fully as bad as it would be to ride up and down stone stairs. The journey has been exceedingly fatiguing, but now that it is fin-

ished, I do not regret it. But no money would tempt me to go over the country again. I have traveled for days in the rain, with no place to dry myself when night came. I have seen Jericho, and Bethel, and Shunem, and Nazareth, and Jezreel, and Tyre, and Sidon. I ate fish cooked at Tiberias and caught in the sea of Galilee, and have gathered some small shells on the shore."

Long before these letters reached the dear ones for whom they were written, the telegraphic wires had sent through all Christendom the melancholy tidings of his sudden death, on Wednesday, the 6th of April, and the letters came several days afterward to move the hearts of his friends like words breaking from the very silence and darkness of the grave itself.

In a letter from Rev. Dr. Bannister, bearing date, Beyroot, April 7, 1870, we have the details of the circumstances of his sudden death. Dr. Bannister writes :

"He had come to Jerusalem from Suez and Alexandria about the time that I had arrived there from my tour through the desert of Sinai. Desirous to make the tour of Palestine, I found a place in our party for him. We arrived in Beyroot on the 3d instant, and took lodgings together at the Hotel d'Orient. On Tuesday, the 5th, we visited the excellent missionary establish-

ment of the American Board in the city, and later, procured our tickets for passage in the Russian steamer, to sail to Constantinople on the evening of the 6th. Wednesday morning he arose in good health, and ascended the house-top with me to view the snowy heights of the Lebanon. Taking breakfast at the usual time, we repaired to our room to arrange for our voyage in the evening. At about nine he began to complain of acute neuralgic pains in the left breast and side, extending through his arms to the fingers' ends. After lying down awhile he arose and took from his satchel a vial labeled 'Pain Reliever,' and applied the medicine to the parts affected, and drank some of it. He seemed cheerful and unconcerned, and spoke of his pains in gentle and patient utterances. Finding his feet cold, and much perspiration in his face, a hot foot-bath was at once ordered by me. In this he kept his feet some ten minutes with apparent relief. He rose when this was over, during which time he had groaned a little, and spoken in a lower voice than usual. He said, 'I shall soon get over this, and we shall go on board this afternoon.' Adjusting himself to lie down again, he spoke lowly of some bad feelings still, and at that instant staggered, and before I could reach him, fell gradually to the floor. Attempting in

vain to raise him, I called for help, and while it was coming his eyes opened, but they were glassy, yet expressed, as I fancied, surprise. He was immediately lifted to his bed, but heart and pulse were still. At considerable intervals he made two heavy gasps, between which the physician, who had been called, arrived. Fifteen or twenty minutes from his fall upon the floor it was all over with him. He died at about 10, A. M., on the 6th of April. The whole scene was so astoundingly sudden and stunning that perhaps my measure of time may not be precisely accurate, but I have given the facts as accurately as they now occur to me. Till he was raised upon the bed I supposed the case only a fainting fit.

“The Consul, Mr. Johnson, and Drs. Van Dyke and Bliss, of the American Mission, were present at the mournful scene, in the course of an hour, to render assistance. The Consul took charge of all. The remains were removed to the American College and laid out for burial. The mystery of the disease suggested the propriety of a *post-mortem* inquest. Never were more delicate attentions rendered than those of Messrs. Bliss and Van Dyke. Their courtesies deserve recognition by our Mission Board. Funeral services were held to-day in the church, the corpse being

followed thither by many friends, among them the President, Dr. Bliss, and the students of the college. Rev. Mr. Robertson, Pastor, conducted the services; the part taken by myself was to state the character, position, standing, duties, etc., of the deceased, and to read the burial service.

“The American Mission Cemetery has become so full that an ordinance now forbids the burial within it of deceased travelers. The Bishop’s remains were deposited in the Prussian Protestant Cemetery—a beautiful and firmly secured inclosure. I suggested embalment, and the sending of the remains home; but this was discouraged on account of the great expense, and the excellent security they would have here.

“In our association together for the last month frequent was our converse on religious experience, and he exhibited always a joyous trust in the Savior, and his private devotions evinced this trust in a high degree. The theme of his heart was the great Church interests, especially our missions. It is much to be deplored that they can not now be represented by his own living tongue.

“The *post-mortem* examination, which I acquiesced in to make certain the cause of his death, revealed the case as disease of the heart, and

that no help whatever could have been given, as Drs. Van Dyke and Brigstocke assured me.

“I have thus given the facts as well as I have been able. Though he was little apprehensive of the coming on of such a result in the course of his pains, he was no doubt entirely ready for it, and his passing away was without struggle or groan, almost in an instant.”

Beyroot, where the Bishop died, is a city of between fifteen and twenty thousand inhabitants, situated on the Mediterranean, seventy miles north-west of Damascus. It is the first commercial port of Syria, and is visited by the Turkish and European steamers, and vessels from different parts of the world. Unlike Joppa, it has a commodious harbor. The inhabitants are principally of the Arab race. A mission under the auspices of the American Board was established here in November, 1823, Rev. William Goodell and Rev. Isaac Bird and their wives being the first missionaries.

A large, substantial church edifice, and a fine theological school or seminary, for the training of native teachers, have recently been completed. The former was dedicated in March, 1869, and the services have been attended by crowds ever since. Indeed, it has already been discussed whether another Church of larger dimensions

shall not be erected. In attendance on the seminary are about seventy students, of whom fifty are in the literary and twenty in the medical department. All the students attend the Sabbath services of the Protestant chapel twice a day, and a Bible-class at the seminary in the afternoon.

The suburban part of Beyroot is very beautiful. To the north and north-west stretches the open sea; to the east is the range of the Lebanon Mountains, winding far to the north and south. Nearer to the city, on the south, is a large and beautiful plain, varied by small hills, covered with olive, palm, orange, lemon, pine, and mulberry trees, and enlivened by numerous villas and cottages. These last are usually of stone, one story high, with earthen roofs.

Many of the yards attached to the dwellings have a fourth to half an acre each, and in these bloom the red poppy, the asphodel, pink crane-bill, mignonnette, tulip, thyme, marsh marigold, camomile, cowslip, etc., and, indeed, nearly all of the plants and flowers that are common to the plain of Sharon. Several streams of water, clear and cold, fed from Lebanon, add to the beauty of the suburbs. The cemetery, under the charge of the mission authorities, though not of large extent, is beautifully ornamented

and tastefully kept. The one in which his remains rest is almost equally beautiful, and carefully guarded from desecration.

The reader, we know, will be pleased with the more full account of the Bishop's tour through the Holy Land contained in the following letter from Miss Frances E. Willard, who traveled with the Bishop during his journey through Palestine. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Kingsley:

“During the last three weeks of Bishop Kingsley's life, I was so fortunate as to be very much in his society, having journeyed with him from Jerusalem, over the hills of Judea, the mountains of Samaria, and the valleys of Galilee, even to the end of his sacred pilgrimage, and, as it proved, the beginning of his exaltation to the presence of that Savior whose earthly footsteps he had followed with so much delight.

“I know how he passed those last days, on which memory so fondly lingers, and though Dr. Bannister, who was constantly with him, can tell you more than I, there are incidents which may escape his recollection, or may particularly impress my own, and if there be any thing of repetition, even this will be to you a source of pleasure.

“On the evening of February 28th, arriving at Suez from Cairo, I met the Bishop, who had just

come from India, and who told me, in his kind and cordial manner, upon being introduced, that he had heard Mrs. Kingsley speak of me. How well he looked—the picture of health—and with that known characteristic twinkle in his eye that no one who ever saw him could fail to recall! He inquired anxiously for Dr. Bannister, and seemed much pleased by the prospect of meeting him at Jerusalem. And there we all met a few days later, the Bishop coming from Alexandria, the Doctor from Mt. Sinai and the desert, and it was arranged that the Doctor's party of eight gentlemen, and ours of one gentleman and three ladies, should unite for the trip through Palestine to Beyroot. Subsequently Bishop Kingsley joined us, and we had the pleasure of his company throughout the entire journey.

“On the 18th of March we left Jerusalem for the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho, and as our long line wound along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the path on the brow of Mount Olivet, by which Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem—to Bethany, and over the stony hill-sides to the solemn sea—none was more cheerful, in better health and spirits, and certainly none was a more delightful companion than the Bishop, whose face and form stand out before me with startling clearness as I recall that day. Mounted

on a mettlesome gray horse, and wearing the 'kepiyah,' a large white cloth used by all Eastern travelers, wrapped around his broad-brimmed felt hat, with carefully drawn bridle-rein, and a bright 'look-out' for every object of interest, he usually rode among the last to prevent any unpleasant encounter between his horse and the rest. And near him on this day, and on how many others, I have ridden, listening to his stories of travel, his vivid descriptions of the manners and customs in the strange lands he had traversed, with an eye so observant of all their peculiarities. China, and India, and California were the countries of which he spoke with most interest, and his fund of anecdote was so exhaustless, his memory so clear, and his judgment so correct, that it was a source of keen enjoyment to listen while he talked.

"Often some feature of the landscape, some bird, or tree, or flower, would suggest comparison with what he had seen elsewhere, and I owe to his appreciative observations many a hint and many a lesson drawn from the changing panorama of the Holy Land. Of the missions and the missionaries he spoke quite frequently, and with the deepest interest. His opinions as to the conduct of our vast enterprises in this region, as to the duties of the Church, and the preroga-

tives of our faithful missionary bands in all parts of the world, were fully matured, and the most liberal and enlightened I have ever had the privilege of hearing expressed by one in authority, as they were assuredly based upon knowledge the most extended that a Christian heart has ever brought to this most important subject. Bishop Kingsley was a brother to every toiling missionary whom he had encountered in his wide journeying. His sympathies were thoroughly aroused for them, and he had plans concerning them and their nobler tasks which makes his loss irreparable to them.

“I remember telling him one day how impressive was the thought to me that he was the first man who ever sailed around the world on an errand worthy of Christ’s Gospel, that it seemed a record so bright, so hopeful for our race, that the age had dawned in which a Christian heart had proved itself capable of so grand a work as this, and I asked him if the time did not seem long since he saw you and all those dearest to him. He answered me with that pleasant, patient smile so vivid to my memory at this moment, saying, ‘O, yes, I should like greatly to be with them, and sometimes I get tired; but this is my *duty*, you know, and that is enough.’

“Our first Sabbath was spent at Bethel, and

at our unanimous request the Bishop preached to us from these words: 'The kingdom of heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' His sermon was about heaven for the most part, and I have never heard a more interesting presentation of a subject that so much occupies all thoughtful minds. 'To my mind,' said he, 'a good man's life is a unit, flowing on here as there in the sunshine of his Father's smile. The kingdom of God begun here in the heart is different in degree rather than in kind when he passes the limit of earthly life and enters on that freer, nobler state that lies beyond.' He dwelt eloquently upon the three characteristics of the kingdom of God enumerated in the text, and at the close of his sermon touched us all to tears by picturing the delight with which a wanderer returns to the home of his youth, thus illustrating that sweeter home—going to our Father's house in the skies.

"On the Sabbath following we were at Nazareth, and Rev. Mr. Calhoun, for thirty years a missionary in Syria, conducted services, which were participated in by about thirty Americans, who chanced to be encamped there for the Sabbath. The subject was naturally the youth of our Savior, and the Bishop's remarks thereon, his simple, clear expositions of Scripture passages,

and his fervent prayer, were to all present a memorable means of grace. Many denominations were there represented, but I have repeatedly heard the remark from those present, that the place, the theme, and spirit of kindest fellowship there manifested, made it the most delightful service of their whole lives.

“The day following we reached Tiberias, and at twilight sat upon the musical shore of Lake Genesareth. I remember that the Bishop said, as he looked out over the placid waters: ‘Ever since I wished for any thing I have desired to see this sacred shore, these hills, this quiet Lake of Galilee.’ But these memories, so touching as I look back upon them now, must not too long beguile me. I, with others, went to bid him good-by the night before he was to sail for Constantinople. He seemed in perfect health, and said cheerfully, ‘Good-by, until we meet in America,’ his last words to us. In the night we set out for Damascus, at ten in the morning the Bishop died.

“One week later, just before sailing for Europe, we rode out to the quiet, almost beautiful, German ‘God’s Acre,’ near Beyroot, to visit your dear husband’s grave, with our thoughts full of sadness for you and for ourselves. The afternoon sun shed long golden beams upon the grave, mingled with shadows from a large fig-tree near

its head, from which I gathered you these leaves. That night, as we sailed out into the wide blue sea, I stood at the ship's stern and looked long and sadly back upon the lovely landscape, hallowed for me, not alone because of its name and history, but more nearly and dearly by your husband's new-made grave."

Thus ended the great journey and the glorious mission of Bishop Kingsley. He was the first of our General Superintendents who have died abroad, if we except the death of Bishop Coke, of apoplexy, at sea, on his way to establish a mission in India, in 1814. But Bishop Simpson was dangerously ill while traveling in the East, his life for some time being in the most imminent danger. Bishop Thomson never recovered his full health after his travels in Asia, and Bishop Scott was greatly enfeebled and came near losing his life by his African tour. Let the prayers of the Church in behalf of our superintendents be continual! They are full of labors and responsibilities. The Church has become almost world-wide in extent, and however costly, even in human life and strength, these journeys are necessary and greatly profitable to the cause of Christ. During this great tour of Bishop Kingsley the papers of the Church have teemed with letters from him, descriptive, philosophical,

humorous, at least vivacious, suggestive, and highly profitable to the Church. They have done much to increase its missionary zeal. No better descriptions of life in Northern and Central Europe were ever given by the American press than those by Bishop Kingsley in his former episcopal tour through those countries. These observations are of incalculable advantage to the Church, and had our brother been permitted to reach home his experience, gathered in this great journey of visitation, would have been of priceless value to our missionary operations. When we realize this we can scarcely feel reconciled to the fact that the Church has so suddenly lost the force of his able pen and the guidance of his sound judgment and strong will. Truly may we say of the Master, "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." But what is now hidden from our knowledge will after a little time shed new luster on the wisdom of God our Savior.

"He died," says the editor of *Zion's Herald*, "in the most chosen of all spots, save that of his home. He had accomplished his work in Asia, had traversed the mighty realms of China and India, had planted new missions in the heart of the most ancient of empires, had visited the birthplace of Moses and the home of enslaved

Israel, had trodden the sacred hills of Palestine and the streets of the Holy City ; he had looked into the manger and the grave of Christ ; had gone to his hill of death and of ascension ; had wandered around the shores of Gennesaret, and sat before the tomb of Abraham ; he had trodden the mount of transfiguration, and climbed the hill of Nazareth ; what remained for him below ? Palestine is the nearest heaven of any spot on earth. Why not step heavenward from its sacred soil ? He did. Close to its borders, under the shadows of Lebanon, with the grand mountains and sea about him, he lies down to die.

“As a crusader, he had seen and won the city of his chief devotion. He can properly fall asleep on his arms and victory. In sight, almost, of the dome of the Holy Sepulcher, under the very sky that hangs over Nazareth and Tiberias, the first and the last of the places dear unto our Lord, he goes up to the Celestial City, to the land of everlasting holiness and love.

“It was not the least noticeable event in the death of Bishop Kingsley that he fell asleep among brethren of his land and general faith. American missionaries are laboring in that city. These devout Christian ministers paid Christian honors to their American brother of like precious faith. May he be allowed to sleep in the soil of

Canaan! His tomb will be a Mecca to many a Methodist, an American, a Christian. The first American Bishop of our Church who died out of our own territory, dying in his episcopal journey, dying of his official work, he should be left in that continent and land which is the mother of us all. Asia holds him dying. May she dead! It will be a pledge of the redemption of that land to Christ. May every wanderer to those holy shores find his soul calmed and strengthened as he stands by the sepulcher of Bishop Kingsley!"

We close this memoir with a brief estimate of his character. He was the youngest of our Bishops, and possessing a strong, compact body, gave promise of a long and useful career in his high office. Personally, he was heavy set, of medium height, and strong limbed. His features, though not finely chiseled, were relieved with a merry twinkle of the eye and the slightest pucker of the lip when he smiled. His voice was sonorous, full, and admirably under control; so that in preaching he could utter the indignant words of divine wrath or the tenderest tones of compassion. As a companion he was genial, believing that life is a good thing, and should be enjoyed. Hence he never lacked in radiant good-humor and cheerfulness. He knew how to indulge in a

heartly laugh ; and his fund of anecdote, apt, fresh, pungent, and witty, was boundless. There was something in the appearance of his massive head, in the deep-toned melody of his voice, and the power and influence of his commanding presence that impressed one with the conviction that he was born to be a leader among men. He was of unassuming manners, very cordial, simple, and hearty. He had not the least of what is generally considered the necessary dignity for the office of a Bishop. He was more of a boy than a Bishop, yet he was none the less of a Bishop for being a first-rate boy. When the boy dies the man dies. The boy never died in him. He was fond of bright sayings, and had a fund of humor in his tones and talk that could, when he would, keep a table, if not in a roar, in that better condition of happy good feeling. He was a man of spotless private character, and was remarkable for his evenness of temper and perfect mastery of himself.

Bishop Kingsley was heroic. He belonged to the brave class of self-made men. It is thrilling to see a strong swimmer struggle with the waves, to see a daring soldier charge through smoke, and fire, and death upon the enemy ; and it is thrilling to see a brave soul struggle up through poverty and discouragement to scholarship, useful-

ness, and renown. This did Bishop Kingsley. He formed his purpose of education in the wilderness, at a time when colleges in his region were almost unheard of, and when thorough education was not in high public favor. He carried his purpose steadily through fourteen weary, laborious years, and won at last. His after life of usefulness and power only fulfilled the prophecy of his youth.

He was a man of wonderful compass of character. He was a mathematician. This was observable in his statements of truth. He put things in hard facts and mathematical demonstrations. Such men are apt to crystallize, to be as hard and dry as the figures they calculate. They are not often attractive men. They do not indulge in sentiment, but live in cold facts. But Bishop Kingsley was full of sympathy. You could not come near him but you could feel his great heart beat. Considerate of the feelings, and even of the prejudices of others, he won the respect, and confidence, and love of all. Adversity produces strong men. The men that fight their way up from the disadvantages and oppositions of poverty have an element of granite in them. The storm will not chisel sand. Bishop Kingsley had this massiveness in his character; he would not hesitate at difficulty or danger; he

stood up strong and manful under the great responsibilities of life. And yet he was tender and simple as a child. His heart was full of the kindest sentiments. They grew like violets and daisies in his soul. This wonderful compass characterized his mental attainments. He seemed to be equally at home in a letter for the children on the little fishes of the great sea, or in a studied argument on the profound subject of the resurrection of the human body.

In a sermon preached shortly before leaving America for his great Eastern tour, he unconsciously described himself in an endeavor to depict true greatness: "This petty, mean jealousy," said he, "that somebody else will do something that will eclipse another, has been the bane of successful warfare, and it has even gone so far that men almost apologize for such things by saying that great mountains never touch at the top. Well, I suppose they do not, away up in the region of eternal frost, but they do touch down at the bottom, where they are largest, where the little vines grow, and the wheat field waves, and the gurgling spring gushes out in the sunlight, and the songs of gladness are echoing from hill to hill."

His mind was severely logical. It was strongly built. As a disputant, ever fair, always strong,

he had few equals, and no superiors. His discussion in 1843 with Luther Lee, on the question of slavery, was the beginning of his more public reputation. He met an intellectual athlete of superior abilities, and yet obtained such mastery in the field of strife as to put the Methodist Episcopal Church upon high vantage-ground in its relation to the great controversy that was rapidly coming upon the country. His debate with a champion of Universalism in Erie, Penn., during his pastorate of two years in that place, proved also eminently serviceable to the Church, and threw dismay into the ranks of opposers. His strong logical faculty, which on the rostrum made him so skillful in the detection of sophistries and in the clear statement of conclusive arguments, also fitted him to be an eminent teacher of mathematics. Here he was a master. Among the students who gathered in his recitation-rooms in 1846-7, and many of whom had formed their notions of what a preceptor should be from that model educator, Professor, afterward President, Barker, he was held in the very highest estimation as apt to teach, clear and strong in his instructions, and always helpful in difficulties.

Bishop Kingsley was gifted with natural endowments above his fellows. His intellect was robust. It often scorned, in its strength, the

little elegancies that were needful for others. He was a profound preacher—too much so, at times, to suit lighter minds. There were other times, however, when his mighty soul took fire, and then it towered up like a mountain forest all ablaze, and none could fail to be impressed. As a preacher he was solid rather than brilliant—inclined to careful exposition of the Scriptures and doctrinal discussions rather than to curious speculations or sensational declamation. His sermons were rather doctrinal than pathetic or tender, and yet there were times when he brought tears to the eyes of those “unused to the melting mood.”

As a writer he was clear, vigorous, and logical. He cared more for the thought than the style, yet the productions of his pen were not lacking in gracefulness, and in description he was often singularly happy. His letters were always read with eagerness. He has written much, and much that is worthy of preservation, although but a single volume, and that a small one, has been given to the Church. A little work of rare value, being a refutation of the views of Professor Bush on the resurrection, was published while he was professor at Meadville.

In his position of editor he probably exhibited more of vigor and boldness than in any previous

part of his life. He was the most out-spoken of all the editors of the Church on the subject of slavery, and when the war of the rebellion broke out he threw all the strength of his paper on the side of the Government. Some, indeed, thought him too political; others deplored the introduction of purely secular matters into a religious paper; but, with greater sense, Dr. Kingsley recognized the intimate connection between the religion of Christ and the affairs of the world. Though he did not debase the former, he endeavored to make the latter subject to God's higher law. How well he succeeded the Church declared by making him one of her Bishops. He deeply sympathized with every progressive movement in the Church, and aided it as far as his position allowed. His heart was large, and his sympathies broad and generous. It throbbed with living issues. He kept abreast of the times. He believed in humanity, and was ever hopeful of the world and the Church. He was instant in the detection and vigorous in his denunciation of shams, yet his heart was so generous in its pulsations that the humblest was not abashed in his presence. Once, in reading out the appointments of the preachers in a conference over which he was presiding, he said, his eyes filled with tears, "Some of the appoint-

ments which I am to make are very hard. I wish I could make them easier; but I will oftenest remember in my prayers those who have the poorest places; and may our blessed Master be with you to sustain and comfort you!"

He was an early, and earnest, and persistent abolitionist. He stood in the front of this battle, both as editor and as a member of the General Conference. Through years of doubt and vacillation he held on his way, unmoved by threats or promises. His patient faith was equal to any emergency. He saw light ahead always. In 1852 he launched his convictions upon the General Conference, and was summarily silenced, but said, "I will yet be heard on this question." In 1856 he was true and faithful, and was put in command of one of the strongest posts of the Church by his peers and devoted friends. In 1860 he led the antislavery ranks in the battle, and enjoyed with them the victory. It was a sublime spectacle to see this noble man then looking over the future and portraying its events. He was wise, prudent, calm amid the storm. Neither tears nor frowns moved him. He was the pilot, with steady hand and clear vision, guiding the vessel to port. Day after day, night after night, he was serene amid the storm. His report was a prophecy. It saved the Church from

humiliation, if not ruin. It put her in order before the fearful tornado which swept sea and land. It brought the Church up to the high moralities of the Bible. It forestalled treason, and put the Church upon the platform which saved her from division only a few months later. The victory was won, and the last vestige of the crime of America was cleansed from the Church. He rejoiced as did the old shepherd in Virgil when freedom came:

"Respexit tamen; et longo post tempore venit."

He was a man of great executive ability. It has been said by some one that the great, successful workers are seldom good talkers. This was not true in the case of the late Bishop, for, while he could plan and execute, he could also write and talk with a felicity and power surpassed by few. We have heard him on occasions when his great soul glowed with the grandeur of his theme, and when the eloquent words and majestic sentences rolled from his lips as the gushing stream rolls from the mountain-side, and his hearers have been swayed by the power of his oratory as trees are moved by the passing tempest, and then again we have realized how much pathos and tenderness he could throw into a few simple sentences.

In a word, his whole character was well-rounded and symmetrical, as his mind was rigorously logical, and his frame robust, compact, and well knit together. He filled with ability all places to which the Church called him, as pastor, educator, editor, and Bishop. Great, indeed, is the loss which the Church and the world have sustained in his early and sudden death. He rests from his labors; he rests, too, in the land made sacred by the footsteps of the Master whom he served, and by the labors of prophets and apostles from whom he caught the inspiration of his life. We may mourn our loss, but must rejoice in his gain. We trust his body may rest where it fell, making those lands still more dear to us, and binding the heart of the great Church still more firmly to the holy cause of missions, in whose interest he died.

Letters.



EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Letters from Europe.

I.

I R E L A N D .

IN proceeding to redeem my promise to furnish the readers of our Church periodicals some European correspondence, it will be my aim to afford valuable information rather than to dress up such information in gaudy colors.

The miserable sea-sickness attendant on a three-days' storm is bad enough to be endured without an attempt to reproduce it even in the imagination of my readers.

My eyes first beheld old Ireland early on Sunday morning, the 26th of May, 1867. We landed at Queenstown at 1 o'clock, A. M., and were obliged to have our trunks overhauled in the rain, that it might be known whether we had brought any fire-arms or tobacco. Queenstown,

in the south of Ireland, is a finished old city, if its numbers, 2,000 or 3,000, entitle it to be called a city. This is situated on a side hill, and commands a fine view of the beautiful Cork Harbor. This is one of the prettiest harbors I have ever seen in the temperate zone, and reminds one of Acapulco or Manzanilla in Mexico, being almost entirely land-locked, and the surrounding hills covered with an exceedingly deep and beautiful green vegetation. One no sooner looks on Ireland than he is impressed with the fitness of the appellation "Emerald Isle." The exceeding humidity of the climate, and the contiguity of the sea, so that blow which way the wind chooses it comes off the sea, thus preventing extremes of heat or cold, with a rich soil, give a freshness, a brightness, a newness to the appearance of the vegetation which I have never seen elsewhere. The whole country from Queenstown to Cork, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, and from Cork to Blarney Castle, eight miles more, and so from the elevated towers of the castle as far as the eye can see in all directions is one succession of surpassingly beautiful landscapes. The river Lee, winding down through the country from the north-west, with its banks in the highest state of cultivation, and studded with splendid country residences, contribute no small share to this

wealth of beauty. The constant moisture causes vegetation to grow where it would never think of making a living in our country. Where there is any soil at all the grass and ivy are sure to gain a footing. Amid groves of evergreens, so dense that in our country no vestige of grass could live, the ground is covered with a luxuriant covering tinselled with the silver of the white daisy.

So much has been said of the bogs of Ireland that many have come to regard it as a great marsh—not so. It is variegated with mountains, hills, and valleys ; with rugged ravines, and cascades, and waterfalls ; with beautiful lakes and rivers ; with charming meadows and woodlands. In some dense forests every tree is overgrown with ivy. And many of the old walls that bound the roads on either side are completely covered with it. In many other places hedges are cultivated on the inside of the wall, and as they have grown up have been so trimmed as to appear to grow out of the top of the wall, presenting a charming roof of green. Trees that shade the road, instead of standing in the street as they generally do with us, are grown on the inside of the wall, for all roads have walls on either side, and these trees, spreading out their branches till they meet and mingle over your head, form a

cool, green bower. And when in addition to this it is remembered that the roads in Ireland, and I am told the same is true in England, never run through the country in straight lines, as in America, but wind about, so that you can seldom see before you more than one or two hundred yards, it will readily be perceived that such combinations must produce a charming effect. The scene is every moment changing, and the eye never grows weary of the changing beauty.

So thoroughly do Lord Kames' views in relation to a preference for curves over straight lines prevail in this country, that the smaller divisions of the farms into lots or plats are in almost all instances made in crooked lines. This would not be practicable in America, where lands so frequently change hands, and require so often to be surveyed and re-surveyed, and where, by our laws of inheritance, large estates soon get cut up into smaller ones. But it must be remembered that here, wrong though unquestionably it is, as we Americans should say, the old farm can not be divided among the children. The oldest son takes it all.

There is a perfection about the roads here which we never see in America. They are as smooth as a floor and as hard as a rock; any defect is instantly repaired, and such a thing as we

would call a muddy road is not known here in any of the public thoroughfares. Bridges are all of stone or iron. If there could be mud here it would seem that now is the time for it, for I learned on landing at Queenstown that it had rained every day for forty-eight days, and the rain continued right on for several days after that.

It will perhaps be new to some of my readers that the Peat Bogs of Ireland are underlaid with excellent soil; that is to say, when the peat, or *turf* as it is called, is taken off, the land below is of an excellent quality for farming purposes. This is true, I am told, wherever the land will admit of being drained. This peat, in the first place, is a kind of tough mud, and is cut into blocks like brick and dried like brick. It needs to be seasoned for a year before being used, and when fully dried burns with a bright flame, although there is as much difference in the quality in different locations as there is in wood or coal. The peat is, unquestionably, like the coal, of vegetable origin, and many are of the opinion that the coal existed in the form of peat in the first place; but if so it must have been under different conditions, as it seems to me, from those of the peat of Ireland, as that is on the top of the ground, whereas the coal is generally covered to a great depth by superincumbent earthy matter.

Ireland is becoming more and more a grazing country. Several causes which I may mention in a subsequent number have contributed and still contribute to this result. This makes Irish labor less and less in demand, and is draining it of its rural population. The decrease at present is steadily fifty thousand per year. The most of these go to America, a few to England. A laboring man on a farm gets one shilling per day. A week's wages will scarcely procure more than a bushel and a half of potatoes. It is easy to see to what straits this must bring a man with a large and dependent family. Cattle and sheep will consume the grass with comparatively a small demand for labor, and the wealthy land-holders, instead of renting the land in small parcels as formerly, are more and more consolidating, and converting their estates into immense stock farms. The rural regions of Ireland are fast becoming the dairy farm of England. The cattle and sheep will eat the grass, and the English will eat the cattle and sheep. The result is, the poor of Ireland must emigrate or starve. I do not wonder, since seeing this lovely country, that an Irishman quits it with a pang. But the pangs of hunger will overcome all the yearnings for one's native land. The fault is not all on one side either. The foolish effort of the Fenians is bringing

manifold sorrow to those for whose benefit the movement professes to labor. No possible good can come from the movement, but a vast amount of positive sorrow and suffering has already resulted, and is likely still to result. It is a fact, upon which I shall not now comment, but which it is well enough to know, that all Protestant Irishmen, in Ireland, are utterly averse to the whole Fenian movement. They feel and say, in unutterable sorrow, that the movement has destroyed Ireland. That it has already greatly injured it there can be no doubt.

GENERAL VIEW OF IRELAND.

IT is very common for European correspondents to entertain the reader almost exclusively with art galleries, old cathedrals, splendid paintings, half-defaced inscriptions, castles, monuments, great libraries, imposing works of art, etc., without affording any adequate conception of the present condition of the people. Much of this belongs more to the past than the present. It seems to me that we ought to know, so far as we can, how the great heart of humanity is now throbbing, as well as how it moved a thousand years ago.

I want to know of a country, first, how God has made it; and, second, how man has made it, and what he is now doing to make it better or worse.

Well, then, God has made Ireland a most beautiful country. It is a continent in miniature. Its green hills, and charming valleys, and clear-

running streams, its lakes, and glens, and mountains, and woodlands, and meadows are surpassingly beautiful. There is a rich, deep, lively green covering all the country, which I have never seen elsewhere. The climate is a great deal more moist than in the United States. It rains, I judge, on an average more than half the days in the year. When I reached Queenstown I was informed that it had rained every day for forty-eight days, and it had no notion of stopping then. In looking over some meteorological tables, which I found in Dublin, I learned that one year it rained two hundred and twelve days, and there is no season or day that can claim exemption beforehand. If you start out in ever so bright sunshine, you had better take an umbrella. This great humidity, with an exemption from extreme heat or cold, and a good soil, accounts for the wonderful greenness of the "Emerald Isle."

Grass and ivy grow where nothing could live in the United States. They grow on the rocks with scarcely any sod, and on stone walls, and on the roofs of thatched houses, and in the thickly timbered forests. Ireland is not the low swamp that many have taken it to be. There is everywhere an abundance of limestone rock, and granite and trap rock are by no means scarce. Most of the country which I have seen is a succession

of exquisitely beautiful landscapes, and it is perfectly easy to understand how an Irishman should be ardently attached to his native land. Nothing but pinching want drives him to seek a home elsewhere.

But why, it may be asked, should the people of such a country be obliged by want to seek a home in a strange land? The causes at present operating to produce this result are very apparent. It will be remembered that all the lands in Ireland are in the hands of a few rich landlords. It is utterly out of the question for the poor to ever think of owning lands in Ireland. They descend from the father to the oldest son, and so on in succession. The rent required by these land-owners would be considered, in our country, enormous. Any thing like good land rents for from ten to thirty dollars per acre, the rent for one year being enough to purchase an improved farm in many parts of the United States, while the yield per acre is not more than with us. How is a man to support a family after paying such a sum as this for rent? The few who thus manage to keep soul and body together are obliged to live in the plainest manner possible. The question is simply how to keep the soul in the body. Meat is out of the question. Potatoes used to be the great staple with the poor, but these have

never done so well since the rot appeared among them. Oatmeal is also used, but who can pay twenty dollars per acre yearly for oat-land? Indian corn is not grown here; the climate is not warm enough. If an Irish family thus situated can, by any means, own a cow, and save potatoes enough to live upon, this is as much as can be hoped for. Of late years some Indian corn is imported from America, but this, of course, costs more in Ireland than where it is grown. But even this state of things, bad as it is, is not the worst of the case. There is a growing determination on the part of the land-owners to refuse limited rentals. It is less troublesome to them to rent the whole estate to some stock-grower than to rent it in small parcels. The income is more certain, and more easily collected. So, as fast as one miserable hut after another goes to pieces, they are cleared away, and the poor tenants given to understand that they must shift for themselves elsewhere. So, what was once divided up into small parcels, is now thrown together into a large pasture or a meadow. This process is rapidly going on in Ireland, and when the peasantry complain, they are often given to understand that, if they are not satisfied with their legal status, they had better seek a home in other climes.

The poor man thus ousted must now seek employment as a day-laborer. But it is easy to see that the state of things just indicated diminishes the demand for labor. Ten thousand cattle can be fattened on an estate through the Summer, to be consumed in London in the Winter, without requiring a large amount of labor. A laboring man on a farm can earn one shilling per day. A hard week's work will no more than purchase a bushel and a half of potatoes, or a bushel of Indian meal. How is a poor family to get on with this? Where are clothing and fuel to come from? What are the Irish peasantry to do? They must emigrate, or starve! With very rare exceptions one fails, in traveling over this country, by nature so beautiful, to see the comfortable farm-house, as in America. There is not one comfortable dwelling where there would be a hundred in America. The "country gentlemen"—the owners of these lands—such of them as live in Ireland, are scattered at great distances from each other. They live in fine style, have plenty of horses, and visit from one estate to another among themselves. Their children are sent away to be educated, their sons get positions in the army, and thus they manage to keep aloof from the great mass of society around them. This state of things is depopulating Ireland, and

will continue to do so for a long time to come. The decrease is now steadily fifty thousand per year. That there is something radically wrong in this state of things admits of no possible doubt. There is too wide a difference between the rich and the poor, and an utter impossibility that the poor should be educated, or have any opportunity to better their condition, without quitting their native country. They are quitting it, and Ireland, as to its rural regions, is rapidly becoming the grazing-farm for England.

The Fenian movement, though by no means the cause of this state of things, has nevertheless greatly aggravated it. It has made the English and the Irish gentlemen willing that the poor should emigrate to America, and consequently less anxious to make them deservedly contented at home. If those who have helped forward the Fenian movement, and those who, from whatever motive, have winked at it, would but consider that it only aggravates all the evils of which the poor of Ireland complain, without the shadow of a possibility that it will ever achieve any thing but manifold sorrow for those for whose benefit the measure has been inaugurated, it seems to me they would certainly desist.

The Irish are naturally the most cheerful people in the world. With any thing like comfort,

they are buoyant and hopeful to a wonderful degree. If, when they come to America, they can be induced to seek homes for themselves in the West, instead of hanging about the cities, they can soon acquire a competence. And there is no better specimen of humanity, physically, mentally, or morally, than a cultivated, educated Irishman. The things complained of in relation to some of them are easily traceable to their condition. They must be Christianized—Protestantized—in order to their proper development. They have long labored under a degrading ignorance and superstition. They need to be taught a religion that regulates the heart and life. When the faith which they have so long and so blindly reposed in unfaithful priests shall be transferred to the Lord Jesus they will rise with amazing rapidity. Our system of common schools will unfit them for Popery, at least in the second generation. I regret the necessity that compels it; but as the case now stands, in view of both their temporal and eternal welfare, for one I welcome them to our country, and believe God has blessings in reservation for them in the home of their adoption!

III.

CITIES OF IRELAND.

IN a former letter I endeavored to give the reader a view of the external appearance of Ireland, for the first mental inquiry of a country, as of a man we have not seen, is, How does it look? Conceive, then, of an island rising out of the sea, large enough to form a good-sized Western State, in which all the United States east of the Rocky Mountains are represented in miniature, with a climate much colder than ours in the Summer, and much warmer in the Winter, with more than two hundred rainy days in the year; rivers, lakes, mountains, forests, prairies, hills, valleys, and marshes on a scale ten or fifteen times smaller than with us, but ten times older as a cultivated country than most parts of the United States, in which hordes of rude men in other ages have made war upon each other, and in which petty kings built castles of amazing size, and height, and strength for protection

against their enemies, which old castles are still standing, having defied the elements for centuries since they frowned defiance on angry men. Think of a country in the rural portions of which one man in five hundred lives in a palace, and the rest in hovels—the one rolling in wealth, and the other ragged and hungry—and you have Ireland.

Cork is the great commercial center of Southern Ireland. The River Lee is navigable from Cork Harbor to the city. There is but little taste manifested in the character of the buildings. A few of the more recent are elegant structures, but most, or at least many, even of the public buildings, present a strange medley—one side of stone, one of brick, another side overcast with cement, and the fourth shingled with slate. The people in the South of Ireland are more wild and rude, far less intelligent than those in the North. They are mostly Catholic, and the poor classes—I judge from what I heard among them—generally sympathize with the Fenian movement. When I reached Cork Burke was under sentence of death, and it was doubtful whether any mercy would be shown him. The excitement was intense. It would have been difficult to prevent an outbreak among them if he had been hung. I heard one excited

Irish patriot affirming, with great concern, that if they hung "Misther Birk" nobody would go to the races any more this year. He seemed to think that would be an awful calamity, indeed. The Irish, as well as the English, make great account of the races, and it is wonderful how much money is bet on these occasions. Catholics and Churchmen, from the poor Irishman that can stake but a shilling to the "noble Lord" who can wager his hundreds of thousands, risk their all on the *Darby*, as they phrase it in Ireland. In the courtly style of the London Times, these sporting gamblers are called "book-makers." A man is said to try his hand at book-making when he bets his money on the speed of a horse. The Duke of Hamilton, according to a London journal, bet \$900,000, and lost it all. But the courtly journal remarked that the judges did not think best to hold the noble Duke under strict obligations to redeem the next morning what, on the hilarity of the occasion, he had pledged to do the night before. This, as a Yankee, I guessed to mean that the noble Duke had managed to get outside of so much wine as to unfit him to make judicious bets. The Californians would say he had taken too much Timothy. One of the professors of Queen's College, Cork, had won over £500 in a bet—a fine example for

the students! From Cork a railroad ride of ten hours takes you to Dublin.

Dublin is the largest city in Ireland, containing, perhaps, 275,000 people. It is a fine old city, and a place of great wealth, situated on the eastern shore of Ireland. Many of its public buildings are very imposing. I visited the library of Trinity College. Here is a collection of over 200,000 volumes, some of the most rare in the world. The old Parliament buildings, the post-office, and bank are fine, grand buildings. The National Gallery of sculpture and painting is deservedly a place of great attraction. Here large collections of exhumed Nineveh are seen. Much can be gathered of the character of that doomed people by their sculptured records. It needs nothing more to convince one of the shocking depravity that prevailed among them.

There is here a fine monument to Nelson, and another to Wellington, and many fine statues of distinguished men. Besides the Nelson Pillar and the Wellington Memorial, there is a fine equestrian statue of William III, George I and II, a pedestrian statue of George III and IV, Thomas Moore, and Goldsmith.

One of the great attractions of Dublin is the Phoenix Park, containing 1,753 acres. In this park is the Vice-Regal Lodge, the residence of

the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with 160 acres called the Demesne.

In this park are seen hundreds of deer, white, black, brown, red, spotted, with all grades between. These all belong to the Lord-Lieutenant *ex officio*. If the Government party should fail in England, and their opponents carry the day, some other man would be the owner of this lodge and these deer. In this park also are zoological gardens, where great varieties of "beasts, birds, and creeping things" are kept on exhibition. This park is also kept as a parade-ground for the Queen's troops. It is by no means improved like the New York Central Park—indeed, there are scarcely any improvements in it except the splendid carriage-drives running through it. But nature has made it very beautiful.

The dwellings, as well as business-houses of Dublin, are generally very plain, but the suburban residences, with their surrounding adornments, are surpassingly beautiful.

I met Dr. Robinson Scott in Dublin, who took me to his cozy, beautiful home in Black Rock, four miles out. I am under great obligations to him and his good wife for every possible attention to a worn and weary traveler. He spent two days in showing me every thing in and about Dublin. We drove to Kingston and to Bray; ascended to

the Killiney Mountains overlooking the capacious Bay of Dublin. Then we went to the Dargle Glen and saw what Ireland could do in the way of cascades and wild, romantic scenery. After winding up our way through cool shades to a great height on the banks of the Dargle, we found two Irishmen enjoying the solitary scene, with each a fiddle, on which they were discoursing most plaintive music. Dr. Scott requested them to play the Exile of Erin, which they did in an affecting manner. Then he asked them to play Yankee Doodle for me, which they did with a will. Reader, when you hear Yankee Doodle in a strange land, lively though it be, may be your eyes will water.

Another journey of half a day in the cars brings one to Belfast. This is the great manufacturing town of Ireland, and by far the most thrifty and enterprising town in it. All the flax of Ireland nearly is here worked up into fabrics. Our late war, so disastrous to some interests in Europe, made princely fortunes to those here who could take advantage of the unusual demand for linen goods.

I found the Methodists here a wide-awake, zealous, and most genial people. I have never been more warmly welcomed in any place than by the Irish Methodists of this city. A number

of the prominent members with their pastor met me at the depot, and although my stay lasted only from one o'clock until eight in the evening they got up a splendid dinner at brother Lindsay's, at which there was a large gathering of our Methodist membership. To a stranger in a strange land such generous Christian hospitality is peculiarly gratifying. Here is the seat of the Wesleyan College of Ireland. They have made a noble beginning. The college building is already inclosed, and is an honor to Methodism in Ireland. The edifice will cost \$100,000, and will be out of debt when finished; and they will begin with an endowment of \$50,000, with a prospect of soon having as much more. The success of this noble enterprise is due very largely to the indefatigable labors of Dr. Scott.

I met Dr. Macintosh here, one of the Professors of the Presbyterian College of Belfast. Presbyterian Colleges in Ireland receive aid from the Government, and so do Presbyterian ministers, but Methodism has to pay its own way as it goes along. It will be new to some of my readers to learn that in Ireland Presbyterian ministers preach in *gowns and bands*, after the fashion of the Church of England.

But such is the desperate prejudice of Romanism that no Protestant effort has yet made much

impression upon it in Ireland. There never was a field more ripe for the harvest than Ireland if the Romish clergy were what they ought to be, and would do their duty. The deference of the masses to the ministry is wonderful. They are ready to do any thing the priests require. Now, if these priests would use this almost unlimited influence in leading these poor, confiding souls to God, how speedily might Ireland be regenerated! It may be said these people would not defer so much to the priests after experiencing the liberty and enlightenment of the Gospel, and this is probably true, but if the confidence now reposed in the priesthood were transferred to God this would be all the better. It would be like the use of parental authority in leading confiding childhood to develop to the stature and strength of adult humanity.

While in Dublin I picked up the city directory and copied the following facts; the percentum of the different religious denominations who are unable to read or write stands thus: the established Church, 6.4; Romanists, 25.1; Presbyterians, 4.0; Methodists, 3.7; Baptists, 5.4; Jews, 11.8; Friends, 2.2.

IV.

SCOTLAND.

TAKING a steamer at Belfast, Ireland, at night, I found myself the next morning at day-break charmed with the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Clyde on the way to Glasgow. Every thing here indicates industry, intelligence, and frugality. Every inch of productive land is made available, and every agency of nature and art is turned to good account. Glasgow is the great city of Scotland, numbering half a million of souls. It is a manufacturing town, and, like most such places, every thing yields to utility. Very little has been done by way of ornament. In this respect Glasgow contrasts strongly with Edinburgh, which is by far the most picturesque old town I have ever seen. Still, Glasgow is not destitute of ornament. It has several very respectable parks, and some very fine monuments. The most imposing is that of John Knox, with the open Bible in his hand. It is an immense

shaft rising to a great height. The Walter Scott monument is also an imposing affair. Sir Walter is a great favorite every-where in Scotland. On either side of this monument is an equestrian statue, one of the Queen of England, and the other of Prince Albert. The Prince is warmly remembered in Scotland, and was more popular than the fast young man—Prince of Wales—is likely to be.

Methodism is not strong in Scotland, but has a better standing in Glasgow than in any other city. I spent a Sabbath here, heard eight sermons, and preached the ninth myself. The first service was that of the Wesleyans at St. John's. The preacher, a well-defined and well-developed Scotchman, gave an earnest and logical discourse, in which he exploded Calvinism after the old style. He declared that not one man in five thousand in Scotland who believed it durst publicly to preach it. The Scotch preach the doctrine of total depravity in all its rigor, and the "terrors of the law" in all their startling severity, as preparatory to the offer of the Gospel. Brother Telfer, the preacher in charge, is a poet, and has published a sermon in the form of a poem on "Hell, the doom of Sin," which will make one's hair stand on end. The Wesleyans are now doing better than formerly in Scotland,

and I trust a still brighter day is about to dawn upon them. After the morning sermon I walked down to the great park on the banks of the Clyde to hear the "out-door preaching." Thousands throng to this locality on the Sabbath, and probably not less than fifty sermons to as many different groups of people are preached in the course of the day. Every body has liberty to take his position here, when he can gather a crowd, and preach his doctrine. Sometimes the performance takes the character of a discussion. The Roman Catholics at first tried to break up these services, but failing, they have concluded to take their chances, and so Catholics and Protestants each defend their religion or discuss together the claims of their respective systems as best they can. Considerable good is done in these meetings, but less than there ought to be. There is an effort to adapt these discourses to the capacity of the hearer that goes too far. Low, slang phrases should never be indulged in in order to be understood. It is a great mistake to suppose that those who frequent these places are incapable of understanding good language. I drew up to one crowd when a powerful Scotchman was holding forth. He was evidently a man of learning and culture, but he seemed so anxious to adapt himself to the capacity of the vul-

gar multitude that I fear his illustrations would disgust many instead of favorably impressing them. He was endeavoring to impress his hearers that they could not save themselves, and yet that they were too proud to depend entirely on the Lord for salvation. He addressed them thus: "Many of you are determined to save yourselves. You are not willing that God should do it all. You want to do a part yourselves. You will na' leave it all to God. You are determined to have a *finger in the pie* of your own salvation." At half-past five, P. M., I attended a meeting at St. John's Green, addressed by brother Telfer from the pedestal of the Walter Scott monument. This meeting was what such meetings should be. It was by far the most respectable crowd which had met in the open air for service. Every thing was orderly and in good taste, and a good impression was evidently made on the hearers. From this point we went into the Wesleyan Church at half-past six, and the congregation was addressed by the strange brother from America. They gave excellent attention, and I trust some good was done.

There are some things in the service of the Wesleyans which are worthy our attention. Every person has on hand a Bible and Hymn-book. The hymn is announced, followed by a

pause long enough for each person to find the place; before the preacher begins reading the Bible lesson, he announces the chapter, and pauses long enough for every person to find the place; then announces again the chapter. You hear the rustling of the leaves all over the house, and every one is ready to follow the preacher as he reads the lesson. The same method is observed in announcing the text, and all the congregation read it from their Bibles as the preacher announces it from the pulpit. And so, when a quotation is made from Scripture the congregation turn to the passage when chapter and verse, as is often the case, are announced. But the pulpits in all this country, so far as I have seen them, are perfectly outrageous. They are too high by six or eight feet. There is some excuse for this when there are high galleries all round the church, but these galleries ought to be so constructed as to leave the preacher nearer the great mass of his auditors. The effect is bad on the health of the preacher when he must stoop over and send down his voice into the world beneath him instead of *lifting it up*, in Scripture language.

JOURNEY THROUGH LAKES AND OVER THE HIGHLANDS.

Anxious to see the far-famed Loch Lomond and the renowned Highlands of Scotland, I

ordered breakfast very early on Monday morning, so as to be ready for the trip. A ride of perhaps thirty miles down the Clyde, through a region highly cultivated and dotted by magnificent residences of the nobility, brings the traveler to Loch Lomond, queen of the Scottish lakes. This lake is thirty-two miles long, surrounded by most gorgeous scenery. The lake is interspersed with many islands, and bordered by what in this country are called high mountains. The sight of the Rocky Mountains in America, covered with everlasting snows, or of the vast, towering mountain sentinels of the Coast range, stretching through Oregon and the British possessions, somewhat unfits one to regard these as the grand mountains they are thought to be in Scotland. Still, as they are the best that can be had in this region, we are bound to think well of them, as he would be an ungrateful tourist that can not be satisfied with the best a country can produce. The scenery, however, on Loch Lomond is surpassingly beautiful. There is a soft and picturesque grandeur in the multitude of islands, diversified with lawn, and field, and trees of varying foliage. Sometimes their sides slope gently to the water's edge, and sometimes their overhanging cliffs are mirrored in the clear water. There is something here which more nearly

resembles our childish ideas of fairy-land than any thing I have seen. The scene is every instant changing, and every moment presenting some new beauty to the eye. Sometimes a lordly mansion nestles under the mountain's brow. Ben Lomond, 3,200 feet above the level of the lake, is one of the most noticeable of the mountains. But this is only one of a great multitude of peaks that are continually rising up in the crooked path which the steamer is making through the lake or loch. At a harbor called Inversnaid we disembark for a ride over the Highlands to Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. The lake at Inversnaid is only a mile wide, but it is six hundred feet deep. Some of our company thought it would be a sad calamity indeed to fall into water so deep; as though six hundred feet involved more danger than ten feet to a person unable to swim; and yet I presume such a feeling to some extent prevails with most people. I have heard similar fears expressed on shipboard when it was ascertained we were sailing on water four or five miles deep. But shallow water is much more dangerous to the navigator.

We now mount a stage-coach and begin to ascend the Highlands. My eyes and ears were thoroughly awake to every thing in this region. All is different from the low or ordinary lands;

people, cattle, horses, sheep, every thing indicate plain fare and a rather rugged struggle for existence. Houses are very rude, many of them without chimneys or floors. But there are some noble-looking specimens of men among the Highlanders ; still, I think he should be regarded as much the happier man that gets well out of such a country. It requires too hard a struggle to keep the soul in the body. I noticed that all sheep in this region were black, and on inquiry into the matter ascertained that the black color was owing to a preparation of tar and grease put on the sheep in the beginning of Winter to protect them from the terrible storms of rain and sleet that sweep over these mountains in the Winter. This forms a kind of "water proof" for the sheep. On learning this I remarked that I should think this treatment would injure the wool by making it so difficult to wash. A lady quickly replied, "The Scotch can manage it; they are too knowing to lose any thing." I partly believe it. I found what I did not expect, fine peat-beds on the most elevated portion of the Highlands. It is generally thought that this article is only found in low, marshy places, but it is found here overlaying mountains of rock, and it is a very beneficent provision for fuel where there is no timber.

But the inevitable rain-storm overtook us in the Highlands, and we drove as fast as horse-flesh would take us to Loch Katrine, and again took steam-boat through another lake, famous for containing Ellen's Isle, the home of Walter Scott's far-famed "Lady of the Lake." It is a most charming little island in the lake, thickly covered with trees drooping to the water's edge. This, like Loch Lomond, is surrounded with enchanting beauty on every side. This lake supplies the great city of Glasgow with pure water.

The following noble sentiment of the Lady of the Lake, Ellen Douglas, should be a lesson to those who marry superannuated cripples for money, or, to keep up a royal lineage, marry their cousins and raise idiots:

"Rather, through realms beyond the sea,
- Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she can not love."

V.

EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, has more elements of grandeur and sublimity in it than any other city I have ever seen. This is not owing to its size. It does not number much over 200,000. It is not half so large as Glasgow, nor a twelfth part as large as London. And yet there is something so sturdy, so massive, so solid, so picturesque, so *Scotch* about it, as to distinguish it from all other cities at home or abroad. The ground on which the city stands is unlike that of other cities. There is a distinctness of outline, a variety of character unusual. The surface is uneven—impractically so for any city but Edinburgh. On the east the town is overlooked by Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. On the south, in bold outline, also overlooking the city, are the hills of Braid, Blackford, and Pentland. On the north-west of the city is seen the hill of Corstorphine. Then the city

itself is built on a series of ledges, giving the town an undulating and very romantic appearance. In our western country we have what we call the high rolling prairie. Edinburgh may be called, emphatically, a *high rolling town*. The highest hill of the city—it is rather a young mountain—is that upon which the castle is built. The second ridge commences south-west of the great castle, and extends to the foot of Salisbury Crags. Then the north part of the city, the modern portion of Edinburgh, occupies another of these ridges. The north, or new part of the town, is separated from the old by a deep ravine, said to have been once a loch or lake. But this ravine is now spanned by high stone bridges, resting on massive arches of masonry, such as are never seen in our own country. In the old town the streets run in all directions, like the streets in some of the older portions of Boston, New York, or Pittsburg.

The houses rise range above range in the steep sides of these ridges, and the cross streets are some of them at an immense height above those at the bottom of the ravine. You can stand on one street and look right down, perpendicularly, upon the top of houses on the street below, which are six and eight stories in height. If Washington is a "city of magnificent dis-

tances," Edinburgh is a city of magnificent heights. In some instances they have sought the highest crag they could find, and then built to a fabulous height on the top of that. Within ten paces of my hotel, as we start up the street, there is a wall on the upper side twelve or fifteen feet high, made necessarily by the rapidly ascending ground. On the top of this wall stands a house ten stories high. So that as you stand on the pavement, you look up twice the length of a man to the foundation of a house extending ten stories above you. Every house is of stone—no brick is used. The National Savings Bank of Scotland is a building of marvelous height. It extends from one street to another. But the streets occupy so different an altitude that a wall has been built upon the lower street, I should think fifty feet high, before you get to the foundation proper of the great national bank, which rises to a fabulous height above the pavement, and is a building of most exquisite beauty. Many of the public edifices of Edinburgh are exceedingly massive and imposing, and the more newly erected are many of them very beautiful indeed.

The Walter Scott Monument is the most elegant thing of the kind in Great Britain, if not in the world. It is in the shape of an open spire two hundred feet in height. An interior stair-

case ascends to the top, or nearly so, to a beautiful gallery, affording a delightful view of the city. The architect, Mr. Kemp, was a self-taught man. He was originally, like Hugh Miller, an operative mason. He became an enthusiastic admirer of Gothic structures, and traveled on foot over a large part of Great Britain and part of the continent, supporting himself by his mechanical industry, and visiting all places containing cathedrals or Gothic structures. On returning home he planned the magnificent Scott monument, but died before seeing his cherished design finished. While walking along the banks of the Union Canal, one evening, to meet some boats with stone for the work, his foot slipped, and he fell into the canal and was drowned.

The new Post-Office is a remarkably fine building. The National Art Gallery and the Antiquarian Gallery are also fine buildings of the Ionic order. The Gallery of Antiquities contains many rare relics of the past ages. It is wonderful to look back and see what we have come through. Here is the old oak pulpit in which John Knox preached more than three hundred years ago. Here is the identical instrument formerly used in Scotland for beheading criminals. A huge blade, nearly a foot square, fastened in a frame which worked in grooves like an old-fash-

ioned saw-gate, did the work of death. A great stone was made fast to the top of the blade, and the dreadful machine elevated after the manner of elevating the weight in driving piles into the ground. The victim then laid his neck over the edge of a strong plank prepared for the purpose, and at a given signal the blade fell, and instantly the head dropped from the body.

The Gallery of Fine Arts contains some wonderful paintings. Those illustrative of sacred historic events are the most striking. There is a distinctness to these pictures—a sharpness of outline—not always seen in such paintings. It is, perhaps, too fashionable to go into raptures over some dim, dingy picture, the real design of which the enraptured spectator knows nothing about. Of course, most of the celebrated paintings from the great masters of other ages are copied from the originals. These in Edinburgh, like the city itself, are bold, and sharp, and well-defined. The picture of the Crucifixion is a wonderful thing. The whole scene seems to be actually transpiring before you. The flesh, torn by the nails that pierce the hands and feet, or rather the great spikes that are driven through them; the temples, bleeding under the thorny crown; the spear, so rudely and deeply thrust into our Savior's side; the blood trickling down

from all these wounds; the look of unutterable distress depicted on the countenances of the women at the foot of the cross; their eyes, red and swollen with weeping; the different manifestations of sympathy by the executioners and spectators; and, above all, the expression of our Savior's countenance as he gives up the ghost, are wonderful to behold. The death-expression on the countenance of Jesus contrasts wonderfully with the other expression of dreadful living agony on the countenances of the two malefactors crucified with him, but still alive.

The beheading of John the Baptist, and the presentation of the head to a *dancing* girl, the daughter of a *fancy* woman, is a striking picture, and does not impress one favorably with the dancing described in the New Testament.

The Free-Church College is a splendid structure. The eastern part of the immense pile is used as the Free High-Church of Scotland. The General Assembly of the Free-Church was in session. After a little red tape I was permitted to look in on this grave body. The Assembly seemed composed of solid men, earnestly devoted to the interests of their Church, but it lacked the energy and *vim* that characterizes similar American bodies. Members go there with long written speeches, and their "deliverances" often not

a little tedious. I heard members praising the directness, point, and brevity that characterized the doings of the American deputies to the Assembly.

The Castle is one of those huge piles—or rather succession of huge piles—to be found scattered over Ireland, Scotland, and England. It stands upon a high rock which presents two perpendicular sides for hundreds of feet high. It is a position of amazing strength. Part of the tower is now used for an armory, in which are stowed immense amounts of war material, which, for the sake of humanity, we hope may never be wanted for use.

The bedroom of Mary, Queen of Scots, is situated on the east side of the tower, upon the perpendicular rock. This bedroom is scarcely larger than a common pantry, and but ill compares with the present notions of queens' comfort. James VI, the only son of Queen Mary, was born here, June 19, 1556. The little fellow was let down the face of the high precipice in a basket, and carried to Mount Sterling, another immense castle, at the head of the Firth of Forth, some forty miles distant. This letting down was but too boding a prophecy of what subsequently befell the Jameses.

In another portion of the tower are the Regalia

of Scotland. These consist of a crown, scepter, sword of state, and the crown jewels. Besides these are exhibited valuable jewels bequeathed by the Cardinal of York to George IV. The Golden Collar of the Garter, conferred by Queen Elizabeth on James VI, with the badge of the order. This is said to be the most superb jewel of the kind in the world. It is an assemblage of wonderful gems set in gold. All these "precious things" are secured within a strong iron cage, and exhibited by lamp-light. The great rude oak chest in which these relics were formerly deposited is shown in the same apartment. The whole is estimated, as the guide informed me, at \$5,000,000. Is this the best disposition of these things while thousands of British subjects are suffering for bread?

The University of Edinburgh is a building for the ages. The building is an immense quadrangle, inclosing a court, and covering over two acres of ground. The library contains 130,000 volumes.

Passing along High-street, we come to the old John Knox Free-Church. This church would not strongly attract the traveler—though it must have been a splendid one for the times—but from its historical interest. Here John Knox is said to have composed the greater portion of his

“History of the Reformation.” An inscription on this old church which reads thus:

Lyfe God Above Al and Dohr Nichtbor as Ur Self.

A worthy motto for the great reformer.

But it is time to close this letter. There are many other things of interest which I may or may not say another time.

VI.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN LONDON.

ARRIVING in London late in the week, and remaining over the following week, gave me two Sabbaths in the British metropolis. And having nothing else to do, I resolved to see and hear as much as practicable.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL

Is the head of Wesleyan Methodism in London. It is a large, substantial church, and estimated to contain 2,500 people. It has galleries on three sides, with a pulpit, as is the fashion in this country, much too high. The services here are not of that demonstrative character that used to mark Methodism in its earlier history. The society here feels itself to be strong and established, and in no danger as to the future. And here is precisely the point of danger with established wealthy Churches. The City Road Chapel is not an exception. When any charge begins to

lose its aggressive character, and to rest in successes already achieved, a period of decay commences, which can only be averted by returning to its first love and zeal. I thought I discovered symptoms of a wholesome alarm in this respect. Mr. Spurgeon had been invited to preach in this church on Wednesday night, and I gladly availed myself of the privilege of hearing him. He labored to arouse the zeal of the members, by appealing to what they had been in other years. I also heard one of the preachers of this charge on Sunday afternoon. The sermon was good, and the attendance was good, but somehow I could not avoid getting the impression that the charge does not measure up to the required degree of usefulness.

The old Wesleyan Burial Ground is immediately in the rear of the church. I visited the graves of Wesley, Clarke, Watson, Benson, and Bunting, with many others, loved and honored in the annals of Methodism. A very plain obelisk, costing only a few pounds, stands over the remains of the great and good Wesley. But, in this, I presume, it is as Wesley would have desired it; parade and show form no part of his earnest, useful career. Millions of redeemed souls in earth and heaven are his monuments. As a benefactor of mankind, England has never produced his equal. Over the

dust of the other mighty dead whose names I have mentioned not so much as an obelisk rises. But they need it not. A son of Dr. Benson is pastor of one of the Churches of the Establishment on the other side of the Thames. He was informed that the grave of his father was in a dilapidated condition, but his reply, as I was informed, was, that if he should give the proper attention to it, it would be giving countenance to the Wesleyan preachers. Is it not high time that the Wesleyans should entirely cut loose from an establishment that thus decoys their sons and turns them away from the Christian charity of their fathers? On the other side of the street from the City Road Chapel, sleep the remains of John Bunyan. An admirer of this good man had a plain monument erected to his memory, in which Bunyan's pilgrim was represented with his bundle falling off at the sight of the cross. But some barbarian has defaced and nearly ruined it; but Bunyan's name will not lack honor while the English language is used to portray Christian experience.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

In the cathedrals of England, the Litany is recited regularly every day once, sometimes more. Every thing is done to make the services appear gorgeous and imposing; splendid organs, with

well-trained choirs, form part of the machinery. But it is difficult to feel that the great ends of the Gospel are answered to any extent worth mentioning in these cathedral services. The Litany is rendered in a kind of miserable chant, and the choir make the responses. I am frank to say I can hardly conceive of any thing more ridiculous than the part performed by the officiating clergy. The service is read as rapidly as it is possible to enunciate, in a monotone, on a high key until the last word before the response is uttered. Then the performer raises his voice into a kind of wail, or howl, making a most unearthly noise, and the singers and organ respond. Let any man give a specimen of this strange way of worshiping God to an audience, and not call it worship, and I venture to say the whole audience will be convulsed with laughter by the ridiculousness of the scene. You can not hear a word that is said. The whole might just as well be in a dead language, and better too, for there seems to be a sort of fitness in using a dead language in performing a dead worship.

I witnessed the services at the great Minster Cathedral in York, and they were even worse than I have described. Why will we play these "fantastic tricks before high heaven," and call it worship? When, in addition to this, the ritual-

istic nonsense is also incorporated, the folly is complete. This is the case at St. Alban's and some other churches.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On Sunday night I went to Westminster Abbey, to hear a sermon from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The preliminary services, of the character already described, occupied one hour. Neither at Westminster nor at any of the other cathedrals named, are ritualistic services allowed, but the horrible monotony of rapid rehearsal on a single key, with the howl at the end, is worse than any practiced beggar ever heard on the street. When this part of the service by gowned men, and gowned boys and women, was over, there appeared in the pulpit a stout man, elaborately clad in sacerdotal vestments, with a black cap on his head. This was the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose salary has so frequently been a matter of observation in America. He is a man, I should say, about the size of Bishop Morris, and not altogether unlike Bishop Morris in his manner. The sermon, however, was by no means equal to one of Bishop Morris's best. It lacked the compact, terse style of Bishop Morris, that has more fruit than leaves. Still it was a good sermon, and the Archbishop made the impression on me, that he

was a good man and enjoys religion, and is anxious for the spread of vital piety.

NEWMAN HALL.

Newman Hall is regarded as one of the most popular preachers in London. He is a Congregationalist, and I believe the author of the little tract, "Come to Jesus," which has done so much good on both sides of the water. He preaches at St. James's Hall one sermon on Sunday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., during the month of June. He is desirous of a practical union between evangelical denominations, and gave out for the following Sabbath that he would show that Arminianism and Calvinism are practically the same. I am afraid he will have a hard thing to do. There is no doubt that many who professedly hold to these different systems practically preach and practice the same; but the distinctive doctrines of the two systems can no more coalesce than oil and water. Mr. Hall is a fluent, easy, powerful preacher. His great *forte* appears to be in taking some plain passage of Scripture and using it as an answer to all possible excuses of the sinner. His text was, "Repent and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." He rallied very strongly on the expression, "every one of

you," and to all sorts of excuses he replied in the words of the Holy Ghost, "every one of you." So in another part of the sermon he rallied on another expression of Scripture: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved;" taking the first part of the sentence to show that all could comply in answer to all manner of quibbling, and the second to show that all can find salvation in answer to all sorts of dependency. Mr. Hall is a power for good in London.

SPURGEON.

Mr. Spurgeon is one of the celebrities of London. Probably more strangers go to hear him than to hear any hundred other men in the city. Long before the doors are opened to strangers the immense portico of the Tabernacle is crowded, and the flight of steps, which will hold a good congregation, and all the way to the street. I should think as many as a thousand strangers are in waiting, many of them for a long time, before the doors are open. The members of the congregation go in by side doors through a gate, but a policeman guards the entrance against others. At precisely a quarter to eleven the doors open and the scramble for seats begins. The seats are arranged in elliptical form,

and there are two tiers of galleries all round the audience-room. To accommodate these it requires that the pulpit, though it can not be called a pulpit, should be high. There is nothing but the circular railing and a small, plain table. The audience-room will hold from four to five thousand people, and every possible seat is occupied, and still people are standing in the aisles. Mr. Spurgeon begins exactly at the time by a short prayer, followed by a hymn, which he reads a verse at a time, and the whole congregation sings with a will. The preacher does not allow of slow singing. There is no instrument of any kind in the church, but the effect of four or five thousand voices—every person is provided with a book—is inspiring and grand. After the first hymn the preacher reads a chapter and comments upon it; then follows another prayer much more elaborate than the first; then another hymn. The preliminary service occupies one hour; then a sermon follows of forty-five to fifty minutes, followed by a very brief prayer, and the service is concluded.

What is the secret of his marvelous popularity with the people?

I went to hear him, as many others have done, with a view of satisfying myself on this question. My conclusion is that several particulars, which

I will describe, go to make up the cause of Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful success as a preacher; for his success is wonderful.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the man. A stranger would pick out a hundred other men in the congregation for celebrated preachers before he would take him. He has been described as a large man. This is not correct; he is below medium height, stout, and a perfect picture of health. He looks more youthful than I expected. His looks do not indicate any thing extraordinary in any respect. A large mouth affords a good outlet for his thoughts, but many a mouth as large affords only an *inlet* for beef and beer. He is not a man of extraordinary learning, though he is respectable. A multitude of preachers in London are vastly his superiors in this respect.

1st. He gives evidence of deep and consistent piety—a fervid longing, yearning after God seems to be the atmosphere of his soul, accompanied by the bright sunshine of God's presence in the heart. He impresses you that he is a truly humble man. Many a man would have his head turned by seeing five thousand before him every Sabbath, attracted from all parts of the world by his popularity. All this seems but to deepen his sense of his own weakness, and to lead him

to cling more closely to the Cross of Christ. His prayers are simple, fervent, and confiding; he seems to ask nothing doubting. He is not a profound commentator, but seizes the practical, heart-searching ideas of the chapter upon which he comments, and commends them to the consciences of his hearers.

2d. He is a man *of* the people and *for* the people, and whose sympathies are *with* the people, and he is a man of large sympathy. He impresses you that he is your friend and longs to see you saved, and is willing to make any sacrifice which may be necessary to this end.

3d. In his preaching, as in his reading and praying, every word is heard by every person in the great congregation. He has a good voice and an excellent audience-room. In his preaching, praying, and expounding every word is understood. He uses no words that a well-informed child will not understand. Logic is not his *forte*. He depends mainly on illustration, and in this respect is very happy.

In theology Mr. Spurgeon is somewhat mixed. His head is Calvinistic, his heart is thoroughly Arminian; but in preaching, except when his theory is especially before his eyes, his heart generally gets the better of his head. While his theory teaches him that only a part of mankind

can be saved he at the same time offers salvation to all without mental reservation. He thinks both doctrines are in the Bible, and so preaches both. He is a candid man and gives up an error as soon as he sees it, and acknowledges his fault, but he seems yet unable to see how salvation is of grace without the Calvinistic view of election, or how all sinners can be responsible without the Arminian view of free salvation. If he will take time to read Fletcher's "Checks" I will venture to *underline* that he will have clearer and better views of the conditionality of salvation. In preaching, sometimes, his Calvinism comes across his path and throws him down, but he is immediately up and at it again, and the next drive, very likely, will be a tremendous appeal to all sinners to seek the Lord while he may be found. While he thinks he is opposed to the Methodistic view of Christian perfection, he preaches the doctrine as strongly as the Methodists themselves, and more strongly than many of them do. He insists, with great earnestness, that it is the privilege and duty of every Christian to *know* that he is accepted of God. He strongly insists on the *joys of salvation*—on the *enjoyment* of religion.

In short, while I believe Mr. Spurgeon teaches some errors, by which his usefulness is not as great as it otherwise would be, nevertheless, I

believe him to be a "good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and that his plain, earnest labors in the cause of vital religion are doing more to promote the salvation of men than all the cathedral services of Europe.

VII.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT LONDON.

TO a stranger put down in the center of London proper the city appears to be an interminable labyrinth of crooked, winding, narrow streets, with every conceivable style of ancient architecture. In this region of the town the houses, except the public buildings, are all of brick, and covered with various styles of tiles. There is neither beauty nor regularity about them. The streets are paved in the most substantial manner by cutting hard stone into the shape used in our country for the Nicholson pavement. There is nothing different at the street-crossings from the ordinary pavement. This last remark applies also to the larger cities of Ireland, Scotland, and France. Street railroads are not seen as with us, and in driving through the streets all manner of conveyances turn to the left instead of the right in meeting others. The same rule obtains with the

railroads throughout Great Britain and France. The amount of travel in the central streets of London is amazing. In the most thronged thoroughfares a thousand vehicles pass a given point each hour, on an average. London proper—or the City, as it is called—contains little if any more than one hundred thousand people, while the number in the entire metropolis is about three millions. The number in the City is becoming less every year by the removal of private dwellings to make room for public buildings. The old city was confined to the north bank of the Thames. But the London of the present day has absorbed a great number of villages and towns, and is about twelve miles long and nine in breadth, extending on both sides of the Thames, so that a wall to inclose the present London as the cities of Europe have been walled until a recent period would need be more than forty miles in length. It is bewildering to see the vast streams of humanity swarming through the great public thoroughfares. The number that cross the London Bridge in a day must be estimated by hundreds of thousands. There are many bridges across the Thames, but when *the bridge* is named it is understood to be the lower bridge. All these bridges, particularly the lower one, are amazing specimens of massive masonry.

When literally covered from end to end with men, horses, omnibuses, railroad cars—every thing that can move—there is no more sense of danger than would be caused by a multitude of ants scrambling over a plank of oak.

The public buildings of London are many of them imposing beyond any thing seen in America except the National Capitol. Many of the public buildings cost singly enough to build a respectable city in America. St. Paul's Cathedral cost \$7,000,000. Westminster Abbey as much more. The Parliament House cost \$10,000,000. The British Museum has already cost \$5,000,000, and is not yet finished. The Tower of London, of which I may speak in another letter, consisting, as a whole, of six larger and twelve smaller towers, some of them with walls fourteen feet thick, must have cost fabulous sums of money. Many of the monuments have cost each a fortune. That of Nelson, on Trafalgar Square, is perhaps the most imposing. It consists of a vast column surmounted by the Hero of Trafalgar, and at each corner of the granite pedestal is a huge lion in bronze, sixty-four times the usual size. This is but one of a multitude of expensive monuments. I have not seen anywhere in England a monument of Cromwell. The General Post-Office is a vast affair. It

delivers in London one hundred and eighty million letters annually, eighty-five million newspapers, fifteen million book-packets, and money-orders to the amount of \$90,000,000.

The London City Directory is a volume much larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and if you want to find a numerous family just turn to the Smiths. The Bank of England is a vast affair. The building and court cover *eight acres*. The bank employs one thousand clerks. The London Bridge, of which I have already spoken, cost \$10,000,000. There are thirteen other bridges across the Thames, but this one is the most expensive, being nine hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, fifty-four feet wide, with five arches, of which the center one has a span one hundred and fifty-two feet. It is believed to be the finest granite bridge in the world. One of the other thirteen bridges cost \$5,000,000.

In this general description of London I can do no more than name a few prominent things, leaving details to another time. It is the largest city in the world, and the richest city in the world, though as a whole by no means so beautiful as Edinburgh or Paris. The amount, variety, and value of goods exposed in windows for sale is wonderful. In London much more than in

any city in America are the windows of stores so arranged as to exhibit, in many instances, almost the entire stock. This is particularly the case with jewelry and all sorts of fancy goods. The articles, with the prices, are generally presented in their most attractive form. Many articles of food are exposed in the same way. Millions upon millions' worth of the most gorgeous jewelry thus glitters in the window to tempt the passer-by.

Some idea of the extent of London may be formed by the fact that there are between seven and eight thousand streets, many of them being miles in length. There are one hundred and twenty-five thousand shop-keepers. There are two thousand different kinds of trades, among which are nineteen hundred butchers, three thousand grocers, fifteen hundred dairymen, twenty-seven hundred bakers, three thousand tailors, three thousand four hundred shoemakers, fifteen hundred linen-drapers, six hundred hatters. The quantity of water pumped up from the Thames and distributed through London daily amounts to fifty million gallons. The daily consumption of coal amounts to thirteen thousand seven hundred tons, or five million tons per year. Most of this vast quantity comes from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle is a region of vast industry,

but there is nothing attractive about it but the piety of many of the toiling miners.

The quantity of meat consumed in London is enormous. The English are tremendous consumers of beef, mutton, and fish. The great cattle market until lately was Smithfield. This market alone supplied annually two hundred and fifty thousand cattle and one million five hundred thousand sheep. *One hundred million* pounds of country-killed meat are annually brought to London, besides the live stock sold at the various cattle markets.

The great fish market is *Billingsgate*, situated near the Custom-House. The yearly sale of fish at the market amounts to \$10,000,000. The daily consumption of garden vegetables amounts to *one thousand tons*, or three hundred and sixty thousand tons per year. The following statement as to the malt liquors manufactured and consumed in London, is from a work recently published by Mr. Chambers, who has devoted particular attention to the food of London, for the English rank ale as an item of food. He says:

“The *beer* and *ale* consumed in the metropolis is, of course, vast in quantity, though there are no means of determining the amount. If, by a letter of introduction, a stranger could obtain

admission to Barclay & Perkins's, or Truman & Hanbury's breweries, he would there see vessels and operations astonishing for their magnitude—bins that are filled with two thousand quarters of malt every week; brewing-rooms nearly as large as Westminster Hall; fermenting vessels holding fifteen hundred barrels each; a beer tank large enough to float an up-river steamer; vats containing one hundred thousand gallons each, and sixty thousand casks, with two hundred horses to convey them in drays to the taverns of the metropolis."

The London Quarterly Review makes the following showing for meat, poultry, bread, and beer for one year in London: "Seventy-two miles of oxen, ten abreast; one hundred and twenty miles of sheep, do.; seven miles of calves, do.; nine miles of pigs—'little 'ogs'—do.; fifty acres of poultry, close together; twenty miles of hares and rabbits, one hundred abreast; a pyramid of loaves of bread six hundred feet square, and thrice the height of St. Paul's; one thousand columns of hogsheads of beer, each one mile high."

London contains about the *four hundredth* part of the population of the earth. The above figures, multiplied by four hundred, give us some idea of the *commissary* department of our globe.

VIII.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE new Palace of Westminster is familiarly known as the Houses of Parliament. It is an immense Gothic structure, nine hundred feet in length, with the House of Parliament, or the House of Commons, in one end, and the House of Lords in the other. The whole building cost \$10,000,000, and is regarded by the English, and perhaps justly, as the finest Gothic structure in the world. It is situated immediately on the north bank of the Thames. The building is profusely ornamented with gold. The Houses are similar in the main features of their structure, but the House of Lords is by far the most sumptuous in its gildings and furniture. The House of Commons is sixty-two feet long, forty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high, with a high chair for the Speaker in the north end. There are galleries on all sides.

The House of Lords is ninety-seven feet long,

forty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high. It is profusely painted, with a vast amount of gilt, and the windows are too much darkened by the deep-tinted stained glass. Six wonderful frescoes occupy compartments at the end of the chamber. In niches between the windows, and at the ends, are eighteen statues of barons who signed the *Magna Charta*.

The building has two Gothic towers; the one at the south end is called the Queen's Tower, or Victoria Tower. It is a marvelous structure, seventy-five feet square, and three hundred and forty feet high, the upper portion covered with gold. The Clock Tower, in the north end, is forty feet square, and three hundred and twenty feet in height. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to place a bell in this tower, weighing fourteen tons; a smaller one, but of vast proportions, has been substituted. The dial of the clock in this tower is twenty-two and a half feet in diameter. There are four bells, on which the quarter hours are struck, weighing from one and a half to four and a half tons each. The reader will get some idea of the magnitude of this clock, when told that the hour-marks are six feet apart, and the minute-marks fourteen inches. The hands weigh more than two hundred pounds to the pair. The minute-hand is sixteen feet long, and the

hour-hand nine feet. The pendulum is fifteen feet long, and weighs six hundred and eighty pounds. There are about five hundred carved stone statues in and about the building.

But, after all, the building lacks that massive, imposing grandeur of the Capitol at Washington. The multitude of sharp angles—the ornaments—are too minute, each separate surface too small, and the quality of the stone vastly inferior, as to durability, to the material of which our National Capitol is constructed. Let both buildings be left to themselves, and I do not believe the Houses of Parliament would stand one-third as long as the Capitol at Washington. Whether this difference foreshadows the future of the two Governments represented, this deponent saith not. In the same building are the Court Rooms of the Kingdom, and a great many other gorgeous halls that I can not now describe.

In the two Houses of Parliament there are not desks for each member, as at Washington. There are rows of seats around a small quadrangle in the center, and these seats rise one above the other as you go back toward the wall, and the members occupy these seats, and rise in their place and address the Speaker, and, as with us, address the *House*, for generally, in London as in Washington, no one pays any attention to the

speeches made except on great occasions. There is no arrangement whatever for members to write, or put their documents under lock and key, as in Washington. I was allowed, through the kind offices of Dr. Jobson, to visit the House of Commons in session, and witness how our British brethren work the machinery of their Government. The members sit with their *hats* on, which seemed to me hardly in keeping with the proprieties of the place. A member, as he walks in, takes off his hat, carries it in his hand to his seat, then sits down, puts on his hat, and begins reading the newspapers. There is less impassioned speaking than with us—less tendency to deal in extravagant expressions and hyperbole. The Speakers are generally slow and hesitating, and hold on to their words, changing one for another till they get the right one, and sometimes this is a tedious process. The usual way of indicating unusual interest in the remarks of the speaker is by the exclamation, "Hear! hear! hear!" and this often comes in a way not very flattering to the orator of the hour. During my visit to Parliament a member made a long speech on the subject of enlistments for the navy. His style of speaking was of the hesitating character already alluded to. He seemed anxious to get the right word every time, and would take a

word into his mouth, chew it, turn it over, chew it again, then spit it out; take another, chew that, eject it for a third, to be in like manner thrown away, that another effort might be made to fit the first or the fourth for the idea to be presented. After a considerable time spent in this way, he remarked he regretted to detain the House so long, when Hear! hear! hear! resounded from all parts of the room. I observed the same method of giving an orator the hint in the General Assembly of the Free-Church of Scotland.

The two great questions before Parliament are the Reform Bill and Ritualism. The Reform Bill, enlarging the franchise, is thought to be safe beyond much doubt. In relation to Ritualism, the case is not so clear. The London papers seem to concede that the Ritualists had out-managed the opponents of their scheme for the present year. It looks as though this Romish mummerly were going to enjoy a partial triumph, at least, but I think its triumph will be short.

The Wesleyans, who have leaned too much toward the Church of England, will openly oppose that Church and swallow up a large proportion of its best, most spiritual members just as soon as the Establishment openly commits itself to the Ritualistic movement. The Church of

England can not afford to give this powerful body such an advantage of them. The result would be a speedy separation of Church and State; for the two can not remain united with the solid opposition of the powerful Wesleyan body, united to all other dissenting Churches; and matters will ultimately take this direction. In order to keep up an established Church, embracing all sorts of saints and all sorts of sinners, as the Church of England does, it must allow a very great latitude of faith and practice. And the great mass of the English people can not be fooled with the childish toys of the Ritualistic party. It will be the policy of the Government, however, to wink at innovations in the tendency to imitate Rome, in order to save the Ritualistic party from going over bodily. So there are likely to be two parties in the Church on the subject of Ritualism, just as there are Calvinists and Arminians, Unitarians and Trinitarians, Universalists and Annihilationists, believers and infidels. How long these two parties can get along together is to be seen; but ultimate separation is only a question of time, and the separation of Church and State is only a question of time also; but the change, when it comes, will draw other changes after it, and this is why it is dreaded.

It has already been stated that the English courts are held in the great Parliament buildings. I was fortunate in being in London at a time when all these courts, from the Court of Queen's Bench down to the Probate Court, were in session. An English court in session is a novel sight to an American. The lawyers—or barristers, as they are called in England—dress in gowns and bands; but this is not the strangest part of the matter—they are obliged to wear a kind of wig or skull-cap, the most outlandish that can well be imagined. Take a negro with a very full head of hair that has turned two-thirds white, so as to become a light iron gray—the hair must be of the most curly, woolly character—then spend a week in trying to comb out the kinks, till you have got the hair on the back side of the head into rolls the size of your finger; braid what is below into a little cue to hang down the back of the neck over the coat-collar; now conceive this scalp taken from the negro's head and placed upon the head of the barrister over his own hair, and you have the best idea I can give you of the appearance of one of these lawyers. If a man should turn up in America in such a condition the boys would chase him in the streets, and he would be secured as a lunatic. Yet, we have fashions in America just as absurd, but familiar-

ity with them makes them seem less ludicrous. The English bar, however, is a very grave and dignified body. The speaking partakes of the character already described in Parliament; that is to say, it is deliberate, the words are carefully chosen, and there is less extravagance or exaggeration than with the Americans. The judges, in the main, are dressed like the barristers, and wear the same ridiculous skull-caps. But the world is still in its infancy, and will yet, it is hoped, put away these childish and fantastic things. How much better it looks, both for lawyers and ministers, to be dressed in a *manly* way, and appear like other folks!

IX.

ITINERATING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE German and Switzerland Conference closed a pleasant session on June 25th. The Conference is composed of an earnest, energetic, cheerful, and hopeful set of men, ardently devoted to their work. We were favored during the Conference session with the presence of several "distinguished visitors." The brothers Foss and Dr. Cox, of the New York Conference, brother Thayer, of the New England Conference, and a brother Waith, of the Louisiana Conference of the Church South were among the number. These brethren appeared greatly delighted with what they saw of German Methodism in this country.

The Conference closed late at night, and I set out the next day in company with brother Nuelson, the presiding elder of the district, to visit our principal charges in Switzerland. I have tried to go through the country with my eyes

and ears open, and to see and hear what is proper to be seen and heard.

Zurich, the seat of the Conference, is a quiet old town of 45,000 inhabitants, situated at the north end of Lake Zurich. The country all around here is cultivated to the highest degree. Every yard of ground that can be made to produce any thing is required to do what it can. Both sides of the lake are lined with beautiful villages, and the land is cultivated to the water's edge. The water of all the lakes in Switzerland, and it abounds in lakes, is remarkably clear and cold, being formed of snow water from the mountains. These waters abound in fine fish, among which are the speckled trout, allowed to be, I believe, the finest of all the fresh-water fish.

This city is largely devoted to the manufacture of silk. It is the center of a canton, or a sort of county, smaller than one of our average Western counties, and yet in this canton are 10,000 silk looms. Zurich is at the same time the center of learning for German Switzerland. Many distinguished men have gone out from her schools. The situation of the town is unrivaled. Both sides of the lake are enlivened with villages, orchards, vineyards, and fields of grain in full view for many miles, and in the background rise

the snow-capped Alps. The eye never wearies in gazing on these beautiful sights.

The Town Library is a place of considerable interest. The building was formerly used as a church in 1479, and was formerly known by the name of Wasser Kirche, or Water Church, from having once stood in the water. In this library is a letter of Zwingle to his wife, her Greek Bible open, with Hebrew annotations in her own hand. There are also here three autograph letters from the beautiful, accomplished, but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. They are just what might be expected from her character; the very perfection of neatness and elegance. I saw, in the Tower of London, where her head was chopped off, as also the head of poor Anne Boleyn, the first wife of the lecherous old King Henry VIII.

June 26th.—Conference closed yesterday, and to-day set out on a tour of visitation to the churches in Switzerland. Visited Thalweil, where they have a new chapel. Here, also, the people are engaged in silk manufacturing. Those who do the work are very poor, and subsist on very coarse fare. In the evening, in company with brother Nuelsen, presiding elder of the district, I visited the society in Horgen. Here, also, silk is the great business. Brother Nuelsen preached;

I addressed the congregation in English afterward, and he translated into German.

June 27th.—Visited the church in Uster, in the evening, and held services similar to those in Horgen. To-day went to the wild Rogaz, which I shall describe in another letter.

June 28th.—Traveled from Uster to Schaffhausen, and met the society in the evening, in the usual way. Schaffhausen is situated at the Falls of the Rhine, and is one of the old towns of Switzerland. Here is an old cathedral founded in 1104 and finished 1454; like all its contemporaries, it is very massive, and like most of its contemporaries in Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, and Great Britain, it is now occupied by Protestants, although built by the Catholics. I forgot to mention while speaking of Zurich, that I visited the old cathedral in which Zwingli preached. He had the organ taken out and it has never been replaced. The congregation now, however, have arranged to have an organ soon. There is an excellent portrait of the brave Zwingli in the Town Library. He was killed a short distance from here.

June 29th.—West from Schaffhausen to Basel. This is a substantial town of forty-five thousand people. This ancient city is almost as old as the Christian era. It is situated in the valley of the

Rhine, and was founded by the Romans. Here is another famous old cathedral, built in 1010 by Emperor Henry II. The amount of elaborate carving in many of these old cathedrals is marvelous. In some of them the statues in stone and marble are numbered by thousands, and illustrate all Scripture subjects.

A Protestant cathedral was built here two years ago by a wealthy member of the Reformed Church, costing 6,000,000 francs. The building is exceedingly splendid, but it has retained the absurd habit of the dark ages which represents dogs and dragons escaping from the higher portions of the building. Here is the principal mission house and school for all Germany. Men are trained here for all foreign fields, and schools established for the children of missionaries. I wish we had something of this sort in the United States, and we must have. We have a good society, and a good chapel in Basel; but, like all our church property in Germany and Switzerland, is in debt.

I spent the Sabbath in this place, dividing the day between Basel and Leisthel. Brother Riemenschneider, the presiding elder of the district, lives in Basel, in the basement of the chapel. He has been greatly afflicted during the year in the loss of his wife and eldest daughter, but bears up

heroically under his great affliction, and is doing a noble work for Methodism in Switzerland.

Monday, July 1st.—To-day we went from Basel to Bern. This city is the capital of the Canton of Bern. The word Bern signifies bear. The bear is the heraldic emblem of the government, and recurs in all imaginable and grotesque forms. Four huge bears are supported at public expense, and enjoy furnished apartments that may well excite the envy of their biped neighbors. Large fir-trees are taken bodily to the inclosure, and inserted in the ground, for the bears to climb upon, and when they have broken the limbs off, and chewed up the bark upon the trunks, other trees are in like manner furnished. The sidewalks of Bern are differently constructed from any thing of the kind to be found in any other part of the world. The houses are built on massive arcades, so that the sidewalks are under double arches under the houses, and, of course, always protected from the sun and rain. But this arrangement makes the rooms on the lower stories very dark, and stores present a gloomy appearance on this account. The Swiss in this canton have carried to the greatest perfection the art of carving in wood, and the images in the cathedral are of wood instead of stone, and executed with marvelous skill. A perfect wonder, in

its way, is the old clock tower, where the utmost skill of man has been exerted to astonish the beholder. At three minutes before every even hour a wooden cock gives the signal by clapping his wings and crowing. One minute later the automatic bears walk round a seated figure. The cock then repeats his signal, and when the hour strikes, the seated figure, an old man with a beard, turns an hour-glass, and counts the hour by raising his scepter and opening his mouth, while the bear on his right inclines his head. A grotesque figure strikes the hour on a bell with a hammer, and the cock concludes the performance by crowing the third time. A crowd of wondering spectators may be generally seen witnessing the strange performance.

The cathedral here presents some novel attractions. On the west portal is represented in stone carving, as large as life, "The day of Judgment" The judge occupies the center. There are the prophets, the apostles, the wise and foolish virgins, and all conditions of good and bad men and angels. Crowned heads are being hurled into perdition, and one pope, wrong end up, has fallen into the hands of the devil.

The people in the Swiss cantons, at least in some of them, disregarding the changing fashions, dress now precisely as they did a hundred

and fifty years ago. Some of the dresses of females are at least a yard shorter than those that sweep the streets in our fashionable promenades. The cantons of Bern make a great deal of strong Swiss cheese, and consume a large amount of bad whisky. Of course drunkenness is very prevalent. Our society here, now nine months old, numbers forty-five members. I addressed them at night through an interpreter—brother Nuelsen.

Wednesday, July 3d.—After a fatiguing journey to the Bernese Oberland and the^s Glaciers, which I shall describe in another letter, we went from Bern to Lausanne, a romantic town at the head of Lake Geneva. Lausanne is celebrated for the manufactory of ribbons. The town occupies a side-hill many hundred feet above the lake, and commands one of the most glorious views of the Alps to be found in Switzerland. The Wesleyans are building a church and seminary for preachers here, under the efficient labors of brother Hocard, to whose kind attentions I am much indebted. The air is so pure here that you seem but a few yards away from objects which it would require hours to reach. The beautiful Lake Geneva differs from all other lakes I have seen, in the variegated colors of its waters. All the hills about here are covered with vineyards.

Thursday, July 4th.—Visited Geneva at the

foot of the lake of the same name, the home of Calvin. I saw the house, a substantial stone building, and visited the cathedral in which he used to preach, and saw the college he founded. The old chair used by him is still in the cathedral, much plainer than our modern chairs. The old parts of Geneva, like the old parts of all European cities, are irregular and crowded with narrow, crooked streets. Geneva commands a grand view of hoary old Mont Blanc; and the newer portions of the city are beautiful. The town has 48,000 inhabitants.

The public library, founded in 1551, contains 75,000 volumes and many relics of the stirring times of the Reformation. Here are autograph letters of Calvin, Beza, Melancthon, Luther, Rousseau, and many others. It being the 4th of July, we saw many American flags floating in the breeze, but the special services connected with the day were to take place in the evening, and my engagements did not allow me to remain. I returned to Lausanne and addressed the German congregation through brother Nuelsen, my interpreter.

July 5th.—We were up at 4 o'clock for the journey to St. Gallen, or St. Gall, as it is written in English. This is a city principally devoted to the manufacture of embroidery and ornamental

fabrics. It is a fine old town. Here, as usual, brother Nuelsen preached a short sermon, and I addressed the people through him afterward. We have here a society of one hundred and fifty. The society here needs a chapel.

Perhaps this will do as a specimen of traveling and preaching every day. Our societies everywhere received us as messengers of God. I have never seen a warmer-hearted people than are these German Swiss, nor one where my poor efforts to do them good seemed to be more thoroughly appreciated. Every thing in the congregation indicates deep devotional feeling, though perhaps the Germans are less demonstrative in their outward manifestations than are the Americans. They have many obstacles in their way unknown to American Christians, which I may name hereafter, but these have the tendency to draw the hearts of those who share a common experience more closely together. They live well, and of course they die well.

X.

SWITZERLAND—DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

SWITZERLAND is, without doubt, the most picturesque country in Europe. When I first saw Ireland I thought the deep, rich green exceeded any thing I had ever seen, and, perhaps, in this respect Ireland should be allowed to bear the palm, but Switzerland stands next to the Emerald Isle, even for its bright, clean, rich, green color; and then for variegated scenery it greatly surpasses Ireland or any other country of Europe. A large proportion of the country is mountainous, and the mountains are more sharply defined than in most other countries. The change from mountain scenery to the charming meadows, and vineyards, and woodlands, with winding rivers and old walled cities, are more rapid than in other countries. So great a variety within so short a space requires a quick transition from one extreme to the other. Indeed, you can sometimes have at a single view, and

within a short distance, almost every description of scenery within the temperate zone. You may stand by a beautiful lake, whence issues a clear river of pure water, and see rising all round you mountains covered with snow, and the Indian corn growing at your feet, and the yellow wheat waving in the valley, and the vineyard covering the hill-side, and the frowning castle of a thousand years on the summit of the hill, and the old walled city, with its gray cathedral and moss-covered towers, seemingly stowed away in the niche of the foot-hills.

The Swiss people appreciate, as well they may, the beauty of their own scenery. They may be seen gazing for hours, with never-flagging interest, upon sights that have been familiar to them from childhood. They have no waterfalls at all comparable with Niagara as to quantity of water, but nothing can exceed the beauty of the mountain cascades and silver sheets of water falling for many hundreds of feet till they turn to long, white veils of glittering silver. A white cloud forming on the pinnacle of a high mountain at sunset, as if the aged monarch of the mountain range was putting on his night-cap, is a beautiful sight. To be caught in the mountain by a sudden storm requires "distance" of time to lend "enchantment to the view." I have a lively

recollection of such an affair, but it is yet too soon to write about it. The *Rhine Falls*, to one who never saw Niagara, is a grand affair. One-thirtieth part of the water of Niagara falls seventy feet after a rapid of twenty feet descent. The spray rises beautifully, and forms a rainbow when the sun shines.

Much of the mountain scenery of Switzerland is grand and awful beyond description. The sudden changes in the scenery contribute to this result. We have higher mountains in the United States than any in Switzerland, but instead of a hundred miles from one mountain peak to another you will have twenty within a line of a hundred miles, with valleys between the ranges narrower by ten times than those of our own country. It is as though the United States were squeezed up into one-fiftieth part their present dimensions, with the mountains nearly as high as they now are on the Pacific coast and the Rocky Mountain Range.

In one locality, called the Rogaz, you follow up a mountain torrent with perpendicular mountains rising on either side of you for thousands of feet, and the valley growing narrower and narrower, and the mountain-sides from being perpendicular begin to be overhanging, till they meet at the top and form a natural bridge over

the rushing, roaring torrent. A path has been constructed by which you can follow up for a considerable distance the course of this subterranean river till you come to a hot spring, whose waters are conveyed to a bathing-house below.

GLACIERS.

The Glaciers of Switzerland will repay the traveler for the fatigue of a journey to them. In the high mountain valleys are lakes of solid ice. These are formed by the snow on the sides of the mountains, melting at one season of the year and freezing at another till the valley is full, and the ice hundreds and thousands of feet in depth. Water in being converted into ice increases in volume about one ninth of its bulk. A lake, therefore, of ice formed in the manner just indicated, supposing it to be twenty miles long in a liquid state, and then to become solid ice, and so hemmed in by the mountains that it can expand in only one direction, would expand in that direction for two miles. Now this is just what happens, and the ice is crowded over the lower edge of these lakes. Such a lake is called a *mer de glace*—a sea of glass. The reader is not to infer, however, that these lakes are at first entirely fluid, and then become solid all at once. The process, however, whether gradual or sud-

den, would produce this crowding over the lower edge. When the water passes over in a half-fluid state it takes all fantastic forms in becoming crystallized, and a lively imagination can see almost any thing desired. However, the principal shapes are those of spires and minarets. These glitter with an indescribable beauty and glory in the sunlight, and perhaps give one a more lively idea of the "sea of glass mingled with fire," than is elsewhere to be found. I have said that we are not to suppose the transition from water to ice was sudden. This would undoubtedly be erroneous, as a general conclusion, but there are regions where it looks as though the transition had taken place in a moment. Saussure describes one of these lakes as resembling a sea which has become suddenly frozen, not in the moment of a tempest, but at the instant when the wind has calmed, and the waves, although very high, have become blunted and rounded. These great waves are nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, and are intersected by transverse crevasses which appear blue in the interior, while the ice is white on its external surface. There is an awful grandeur in the presence of these glaciers. We somehow associate silence with the idea of everlasting frost, but the silence here is interrupted by frequent reports like the discharge of heavy artillery,

or the noise of thunder, occasioned by the descent of avalanches down the mountain sides.

I visited two of these glaciers in the Bernese Oberland Mountains. After ascending a valley by a carriage-road, much of it of a rapid grade, for ten or twelve miles, the last half amid the most wild and terrible mountain scenery, you come to the upper end of the valley, when the green pinnacles of the glaciers are visible. After thus going as far as possible in a carriage, we alight, and make the rest of the journey on foot, or on horseback, according to the state of our strength, or the state of our funds. The visit to the glaciers is performed best on foot. We follow up the raging mountain torrent till it disappears under the huge masses of ice. The air in the immediate neighborhood of everlasting ice and snow, as may well be imagined, is cool and bracing. When you think you are near enough to throw a stone against the side of the mountain rising up before you, you still have hours of labor before you to reach the desired spot. A tunnel has been made into the ice to gratify the curiosity of the traveler, and relieve him of his small change. You can thus, by means of a light and a guide, penetrate far into the bowels of the glacier. Above, beneath, on all sides of you, is solid, everlasting ice. You hear the roar of the

mountain stream underneath you, and now and then a cold wind strikes you through some crevice or crack in the gloomy ice-walls.

The lands are cultivated almost to the very edge of the glaciers, and tolerably good grass and some small grain is produced almost up to the snow line.

MONT BLANC.

Ever since I have been in Switzerland, indeed, for years, I have felt a great desire to see Mont Blanc. Whether I should be gratified or not, would depend entirely on the state of the weather, as no part of my journey through Switzerland would take me nearer than from thirty to fifty miles of this monarch of the mountains. The day fixed to go from Lucerne, at the head of Lake Geneva, to the city of Geneva, at the foot of the lake, was the Fourth of July. I never knew the Fourth of July to be wholly a rainy day in America, and hoped that, as Switzerland was also a Republic, she would regard the day by pleasant weather. In this I was not disappointed. It was the first day for a considerable time that had afforded a view of Mont Blanc from Lake Geneva, and the only day that would have enabled me to see this glorious sight, perhaps to the end of my life. The weather became clear, and I looked upon the hoary head of this

venerable mountain on the day most befitting—the glorious Fourth of July. From many points on the beautiful Lake Geneva, as well as from the railroad or the western shore, do we have excellent views of this mountain. Also from the city of Geneva there are many good views. Mont Blanc—pronounced here *Mon Blong*—always covered with snow, is always white, of course, and this has given it the name, Mont Blanc, or *White Mountain*. It is regarded as a great feat to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. But there is nothing to repay the toil and danger. It is very expensive, as well as dangerous, and when the ascent is made its great distance from any thing but other mountains renders it impossible, even in a clear day, to see any thing else with any degree of distinctness. Many a poor fellow has lost his life simply from an ambition to do a dangerous thing.

The climate in all these mountainous regions, in Summer, is very delightful, bating some storms that are rather disagreeable. The water is also cool and pure. I ate speckled trout for dinner, among the mountains, calling to mind in a lively manner the days of my boyhood.

The weather has been remarkably cool since I have been in Europe. I write this letter with my overcoat on, in July. Every night is cool.

XI.

MISSION WORK.

THE missionaries which our Church has sent to Germany have been, without exception, so far as I know, laborious, faithful, self-sacrificing men. They love their work, labor very hard, and are greatly beloved by the societies they have gathered. I should not know where else to look for the same degree of affection between pastors and people, except in Scandinavia, where the same causes have operated to produce the same results. Many of the preachers have appointments for nearly every day in the week, and several on Sunday. One preacher told me he had traveled as much as fifty miles in twenty-four hours, and preached and led class several times in the journey, which was all performed on foot. I am not aware that a single preacher of the Conference has a horse. If there is one, the fact has not come to my knowledge. Many of the appointments, it is true, can be reached by rail-

roads, but many more are not accessible in this way.

The preaching is pointed, practical, and earnest. Quarterly-meetings there, as they used to be here, are great events. The people look forward to them with much interest, expecting a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and they are not disappointed. It was my privilege to be at quite a number of these quarterly gatherings, and without being able to understand much that was said, only as the Divine Spirit revealed it, I always found it good to be there.

There are six regular presiding elders' districts in the Conference; and five of the presiding elders are from the United States—all Germans, of course, but Americanized Germans. And it will not be an easy thing to go into a Conference in this country with six presiding elders and find them more efficient men. Every interest of the Church is looked after, by preacher and people, with characteristic German faithfulness.

The result of this faithful labor in Germany and Switzerland is an Annual Conference, as well organized, as regular in all its functions, as capable of working all parts of our Methodist machinery, as any other Annual Conference. Under the faithful labors of Dr. Jacoby a Book Concern has sprung up at Bremen, with a Depository at

Zurich, which greatly aids our good cause in Germany, and its influence is beginning to be felt outside of our Methodist community. The Book Concern issues German Bibles, Hymn-Books, and Disciplines; has quite a respectable denominational literature, and sends out four periodicals, including a Sunday-school paper.

But the German work is by no means a subject for rhapsody. It has reached its present encouraging status only by great labor and sacrifice, and similar labor and sacrifice will be necessary for a good while to come before it is likely to be self-sustaining. This will be apparent when we consider some of the difficulties to be overcome.

1. The ground is already occupied with a nominal Christianity. The people whom we seek to benefit have been taught they are already in the way to heaven, and the conservatism of the East is slow to heed any teaching which unsettles so grave a question. Much of the decayed Lutheranism of Germany is well described in the Book of Revelations as most embarrassing to all efforts, human and divine. Its subjects imagine themselves rich and increased in goods, and needing nothing, while they are at the same time poor, and blind, and miserable, and naked. To awaken the victims of this delusion requires a degree of

plain dealing on the part of the minister that seldom fails to call down on him a storm of opposition.

2. Our success in Germany is almost wholly confined to the poor. There is nothing objectionable, nor perhaps discouraging in this, studied in the light of the Gospel history, and yet, while this state of things lasts, the full benefits of the Gospel are not realized in any community. While it is one of the strongest commendations of the Gospel that its tidings should be proclaimed to the poor, it is equally certain, from the terms of the grand commission, that it must be preached to every creature, *rich* and *poor*. While it is to be preached to the poor, *it is not to be confined* to the poor. The present state of things in Germany is easily accounted for. In the first place, the Germans that came to this country and returned to tell what God had done for them were poor, and naturally went among those of their own condition. In the second place, the poor, the really poor, were almost wholly neglected by the ministry of the established Church. A ministry entered upon solely as a means of livelihood, as much as the profession of law or medicine, will bestow its labors where there is the best prospect of pecuniary reward, and hence, by such ministers, the poor

will always be neglected. Those neglected poor naturally rally round those who take an interest in them, as they rallied round the Savior of men.

But there are two reasons why, *for the present*, this state of things is more embarrassing in Germany than it would be in America:

1. The really poor of that country must remain so throughout their generations if they remain there. There is no prospect for them or their children but hard, wasting toil. Life with them is a struggle for its own prolongation. In this country it is not so. The poor children gathered into the Sabbath-school to-day will be the substantial men of the next generation, and will be able not only to sustain the Gospel among themselves, but to send it to "the regions beyond." It is easy to see, therefore, how a domestic mission in America will soon be self-sustaining, and more than self-sustaining, while a mission in Germany may be a long time in reaching that result.

2. The second reason is that these converted poor, as fast as they are able, come to our shores. They are much more anxious after conversion than before to come to this country. Poor parents see no other hope for their children, so far as bettering their temporal condition is concerned, and our missionaries can not, as they

have told me, without doing violence to their own consciences, discourage this determination to come to America. The full measure of usefulness, therefore, of this mission is not seen without taking into account its benefit upon the tide of emigration. But it is very easy to see how this fact operates to prevent the German mission from being self-supporting in any thing like the time required for such an event in the United States.

I think I see already evidence of a change for the better in the public opinion of Germany. There are individuals here and there whose circumstances enable them to be a great help to us, who are looking at our movement with evident satisfaction, and who, in their hearts and with their mouths, bid us God-speed. When they come to understand fully the claims of our mission they will identify themselves with us. Indeed, some of them have already contributed liberally, in a quiet manner, to help forward our cause. But whether or not we can see the end from the beginning, our movement in Germany has been so clearly providential that we should go boldly forward, willing that God should lead us whither he will. God has always led the Church by a way she knew not, and probably always will. In this way he hides the glory

from man. He is the wisest man who knows best what to do *to-day*, and who understands best how the finger of Providence is *now* pointing. After all that has been written of the wisdom of Wesley as a legislator, his wisdom consisted more in abandoning his own cherished plans when Providence seemed to indicate another course, and in going contrary to life-long prejudices, than in any forecasting of the future. No man can tell how God is going to lead the German mission, or how he is going to lead the destinies of Europe or America; but this we do know, that every soul saved adds to the wealth of the universe.

XII.

GERMAN AND SWISS MISSIONS.

A MERICA, to an extent that few people in this country are aware of, is the land of promise and the land of hope to the poor of all Europe; nor have the poor of Europe any other reasonable hope of bettering, to any considerable extent, their pecuniary condition. In the British Isles the lands are all in the hands of a few. The enormous rents consume the earnings of those who cultivate the soil, and render it impossible to accumulate any thing. In Germany and Switzerland the farms are smaller, but the ratio of population to the number of acres is such as to put the price of land quite beyond the reach of the poor. The same is true in Scandinavia, where the ratio of population to the square mile, after deducting what is absolutely worthless, is perhaps quite as large as in Germany. This surplus of population necessarily reduces wages to a very low figure when

brought to a gold basis. Wages in these countries are less than one-fourth of what they are in the United States.

As fast as these toiling millions come to understand the rewards of honest industry in this country they turn their eyes this way with a longing that overcomes even their yearnings for their "father-land." For every one that comes a hundred would start if they had the means at command and knew how to begin life in the New World. This state of things has brought a multitude of Germans to our shores, and the tide will continue to swell for many years to come.

Many of these Germans having come to this country to better their temporal condition, found here what they least of all expected, "the pearl of great price." They come to a country in which, to an extent unknown at home, the Gospel is preached to the poor. They heard, believed, and were converted. With the genuine feelings of a truly regenerate heart, they instantly thought of dear friends at home, of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and longed to tell them about this "great salvation." Thus originated our missions in Germany. Some of these converted Germans recrossed the ocean for the purpose of telling their friends and kindred what great

things the Lord had done for them. The faithful narration of Christian experience, and the exemplification of the Christian graces in their lives, produced the same results that they have always produced. Some took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, and learned of him who was meek and lowly, and had found *rest*, rest, indeed! Others, full of prejudice, mocked, derided, and persecuted them. Not unfrequently was their simple but marvelous story heard with mingled pity and contempt where they had expected a joyful reception. Parents repulsed their sons and daughters whose heads, as they believed, had become crazed in America. Had these children suddenly grown wiser than their parents and teachers? Had these boys, who had never had the permission of the universities to teach religion, turned preachers? Were parents to be solemnly warned by children, who should sit at their feet, to flee from the "wrath to come" and be saved from their sins, just as if they had no religion? Did they not belong to the regular Church? Had they not been baptized and confirmed, and had not the priest been paid for performing these rites? Had they not recited the catechism from childhood, and taught it to their children? Was not the old gray church of their fathers still standing in the town, and had it not

stood there even before America was discovered? Had not their priests told them that their religion was good enough? Had they not pronounced upon them absolution from their sins?

But the young converts persistently affirmed that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but *righteousness*, and *peace*, and joy in the Holy Ghost." They stoutly affirmed that they had learned by happy experience that Christ could so forgive sin that we need no priestly absolution, and that the witness of God's own Spirit to this blessed fact, besides being ten thousand times better than any priest's opinion, brought also into the heart the peace of God, that passeth all understanding. In many, very many cases, those who first reviled them became convinced that their religious experience was a divine verity, and soon followed in their footsteps. The ministers of the Established Church generally took strong grounds against this novel movement. Many of these professed ministers are infidel in all but the name. Many others, though nominally Protestant, are as thoroughly deluded with the false doctrines of sacramental and ritualistic regeneration as the Romanists themselves. There are some noble exceptions to these remarks in Germany. There are a few really evangelical ministers who preach sound doctrine, but even these, generally

for want of a better acquaintance with our real object in planting missions in Germany, stand aloof from us ; while many of the clergy bitterly opposed us, and kindled the fires of persecution against those whose only crime was a desire to save their fellow-men. Our ministers in Germany were mobbed, hunted, treated with personal violence, thrown into prison, and sometimes in imminent peril of their lives. But they have stood as firm as a rock, and are steadily overcoming all obstacles. Persecution has its uses. It enables the genuine Christian to exemplify some Christian graces to better advantage than it is perhaps possible otherwise to exemplify them. Christians do not realize how much they love each other, till drawn together by a common sympathy in the presence of a common danger. O how sweet has been the communion of saints when they have been obliged to assemble at night, and in caves and dens of the earth, while persecution like a malignant tempest has raged around them ! The divine grace of forgiveness, perhaps the most convincing to a wicked world, never appears so gloriously fair as in times of fierce persecution. The real heroism of the Cross also here appears most inspiring. Besides all this, the very attention which is drawn to vital Christianity, by being violently and unreasonably assailed, is an

advantage. It is itself so divinely fair, that it is the gainer by every look turned toward it, by whatever means. And it is as true now as ever that those, especially the pioneers of religion, who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.

Many of the small States of Germany have been very intolerant toward every thing but the established religion—these, since the last war between Prussia and Austria, being swallowed up by the former power. This will be a great advantage to religious toleration. The Prussian is a liberal government, and wherever her power extends, she grants entire religious liberty.

There are some amusing incidents connected with the efforts of religious bigots to stop the Methodists from preaching. On one occasion, when the congregation had assembled and the preacher was all ready to begin his discourse, a peremptory order came, forbidding him to preach. This was a great disappointment to the people, as many go ten or twelve miles on foot to hear preaching. The preacher arose and expressed his deep regret at being forbidden to preach to them. Said he, "It would have harmed no one if I had been allowed to preach. I was intending to preach from the following text." He here named the text that he should have preached

from if he had been allowed. "And then," said he, "I had intended to divide the subject so and so." He here gave the divisions of the subject as he should have made them had he been permitted. "Then I had designed to treat the first division in the following way." Here he told them what he should have said on the first division had he not been hindered. "And then I intended, had I not been prevented, to have said the following things under the second head." And so he went and told his hearers how he should have begun, continued, and ended his discourse, had he not been prohibited from doing so. Of course, this man had been in America.

XIII.

NEEDS OF OUR MISSIONS.

THE sooner we all make up our minds that the way to the millennium lies through many a hard day's work, the better it will be for the Church and the world. Sober, practical, truthful views on the subject of missionary work are, in the long run, much the most profitable. A stirring incident, some striking event that stands out from the general current of events, like a green spot on the desert waste, may move the heart and force a tear, but we wonderfully mistake if we imagine that missionary life and labor are made up of these.

In a former article I enumerated some of the difficulties to be encountered in our German work. These difficulties are not insurmountable, but we shall be better prepared to remove them, when we know distinctly what they are.

I proceed then further to say, that the want of comfortable churches in which to worship is a

great embarrassment. This want embarrasses us more in Germany than it would in this country. The people of Germany do not, like the people of the United States, live scattered about through the country. They nearly all live in cities and villages. Such a thing as a country school-house as a preaching-place is unheard of in Germany. The dwelling-houses are generally fully occupied with inhabitants from cellar to garret. It is very difficult, indeed, to obtain a room for our religious meetings that is at all comfortable. Those we do get are generally in the second and third story, approached by dark, narrow stairways, with no suitable arrangements for ventilation, and without half room enough to accommodate those who assemble. These rooms soon become so warm and the air so impure, after the congregation assembles, that one can hardly breathe in them. They are often more like a steam-bath than a comfortable place of worship. Going out of these close rooms in cold weather exposes persons to most dangerous diseases. Besides this, the people have become so accustomed to associate all worship with a venerable church, contrasting in its amplitude more with private dwellings than in this country, that they can not be induced to go to such places as I have described. Indeed, to persons of at all delicate

health it is undoubtedly hazardous to go. When we have any thing like comfortable church accommodations, we have good congregations. But in the great city of Hamburg our little upper room will not seat comfortably more than seventy-five persons. In Frankfort-on-the-Main we have no suitable place of worship, and the same thing is true in a majority of our societies.

One of the first necessities of the German mission is a better system of church accommodation. This is a necessity which the present circumstances of our members will not permit them to provide for, but which must be provided for before we can expect much substantial success in that country.

After all, the greatest obstacle in the way of success is the universal desecration of the Sabbath. There is no Christian Sabbath in Germany. It is true a few go to church in the morning; but the most of these devote the remainder of the day to pleasure. Sunday is the great day for amusement and dissipation. The beer-gardens are thronged—and their name is legion. It is the great day for dancing, for social visiting, for gaming, for shows, for sight-seeing. More sin is committed on Sunday than upon any other day of the week, and the Sabbath put to such uses as are specially calculated to make men

forget God. Instead of remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, all its associations are of a character to make men forget every thing of a serious character. Ordinary labor, when men are so disposed, goes on as on other days. This state of things makes it particularly hard for our members, who being poor, and mostly in the employ of others, are often required to profane the Sabbath, on pain of being thrown out of employment. And to be thrown out of employment, even for a short time, is a serious thing, when each day's earnings are consumed with the day itself. But our members, to their honor be it said, are true to their religion. They choose to obey God rather than man. Let our brethren in America pray for them. There is nothing in which the Germans manifest more zeal, nor in which they are more impatient of contradiction, than in their notions of the Sabbath. And they come to our shores with the full determination, at any hazard, to fight against the American Sabbath till they have put it down.

There is probably no point in which the interests of true religion are in more jeopardy to-day than in the persistent effort to lower the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. It is the foreign element, and principally the German element, that is doing this, by transferring to this

country their life-long habits, and habits which were never opposed by their religious training.

If we lose our Sabbath we shall soon be a nation of rationalists and infidels. Does it not behoove every friend of experimental religion to exert every ounce of available power to rescue the Christian Church from such a calamity? Again I entreat, let every reader under whose eye these lines may fall, pray especially that God will help our poor brethren in Germany, who are heroically holding up the standard of Christian morals against tremendous opposition. May we not confidently appeal to Jehovah, and say, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work, for they have made void thy law?" May we not hope that through the blessing of God upon the example of our German converts, they may be able to show to the German mind around them, that the proper observance of the Sabbath is good "as well for the body as the soul?"

Methodism has had a quickening effect already on many local Churches in Germany. Many of the preachers manifest a zeal unknown before our preachers went there. There was hardly a Sabbath-school in all Germany when our missionaries went there. Now there are many, and the number is constantly increasing. So here again the benefit of our mission is seen, apart from the

numbers that have been gathered into the Methodist Episcopal Church. I conclude, therefore, that there are no difficulties which are insurmountable in the way of our success in Germany, with God on our side ; but we have, on the other hand, strong encouragement to go forward in the evangelization of that beautiful country.

I can not close this article without expressing my thankful appreciation of the many acts of kindness shown me personally by my German brethren. I make special mention of brother Jacoby, brother Doering, Professor Hurst, brother Nuelsen, brother Nippert, brother Riemenschneider, brother Achard, brother Schwarz, and their excellent wives. They entertained me at their homes with genuine Christian hospitality, traveled with me in my journeyings, translated my sermons and addresses for our brethren, and did all that Christian kindness could do to make my stay among them agreeable. Many other dear brethren, whose names I do not here recount, but whose kindness to me I shall never forget, did all they could to bless a stranger in their midst. May Heaven's richest blessing rest on each of them, and, above all, on the work committed to their charge!

XIV.

NORTHERN GERMANY.

THE northern portion of Germany is level and low, but a few feet above the level of the sea. The climate is cool and moist to a degree unpleasant to those not accustomed to it. Immense beds of peat, covering thousands and tens of thousands of acres in a single bed, prevail in this part of Germany. I had no adequate idea how generally and plentifully this article of fuel is distributed over Europe till I came here. Within a few years a successful effort has been made to convert these immense peat-beds into arable lands. This is accomplished by digging deep ditches in parallel lines every few yards. The surface of them is taken off and placed in heaps, and either burned or allowed to rot for manure. Then a crop of buckwheat is first grown, after this rye or potatoes, and gradually the land comes to produce tolerable crops of rye, oats, potatoes, and grass. The water in all these

peat regions is miserably bad, and but for the cold winds coming from the North Sea, by which the temperature is always kept at a low degree, the country would be very unhealthy. The Germans have become accustomed to this cold, damp climate, and seem to enjoy it. But it seems to me that a majority of Americans would die in the seasoning. This remark, however, applies only to the peculiar regions just described. A large portion of Northern Germany has a fine soil, and a cool, though agreeable, climate. Rye bread is to be found at every meal where bread is eaten in Northern Germany. A very common way of eating is, where there are two kinds of bread upon the table, to take a piece of each kind, with a little butter between them as a cement, and eat them as we do sandwiches. Bread is baked much harder and kept much longer than with us. Enough is baked at a time to last three or four weeks.

FARM-HOUSES.

Perhaps there is nothing in Germany which more strongly contrasts with American life than the farm-houses with their contents and surroundings. I have seen and examined many of them, and will endeavor to give the reader an idea of one.

These houses are built of brick, one story high, and either thatched with straw or reeds or covered with tiling. They are often a hundred feet in length, forty or fifty in width, and the roof very steep, so that fifty or sixty tons of hay, with rye, wheat, and oats, can be stowed away in the attic. The house is the home alike of the family, the horses, cows, oxen, dogs, cats, pigs, and chickens. The cattle and horses are arranged in stalls with their faces toward the open space in the center. The swine, and calves, and hens generally have their apartments on the other side from the larger cattle. There is generally a partition in the barn between the part occupied by the family for sleeping and the part occupied by the other live stock, but the cooking is done in the same apartment with the cattle, horses, etc. There is no chimney in the house, and the larger part of the smoke, when the weather is not too cold, escapes at the front door. These German families believe that the smoke is healthy, and that it is good for the grain stowed away in the upper chambers. Of course all the upper part of the house is as black as the back of the chimney, and for the same reason. The floor, except in the bedrooms just spoken of, is paved with small, round stone, or else is made of cement. Sometimes a portion of it is of one

kind and the other of another kind. The cattle are kept here tied up in their stalls through the Summer season, and fed with fresh meadow hay. In general there are no fences in Germany, and live stock of all description have to be kept up on this account. In the Summer especially, the results of such constant occupancy are not favorable to *fragrant impressions*, if I may be allowed such a use of language. But the Germans say it is very healthy. The family live in one end of the house and the live stock in the other, and just here is an evidence of the different tastes among men. If we Yankees had the thing to do we should put the family in the front part of the house toward the street, and keep the cattle and hogs in the background. Not so with the honest Germans. The front door of the house is the stable door. The front yard is occupied by the manure pile and the swine, while the portion of the house occupied by the family is approached by a side gate. There is generally a low place scooped out of the front yard, to save the washings from the stables. Many such farmers in Northern Germany, where the farms are much larger than in the South, are very wealthy. In the houses there is an abundance for man and beast. Large hams and sides of bacon hang from the upper ceiling, and no other smoke-

house is needed. In one part of the room are the dishes, and in another plows, hoes, rakes, spades, manure forks, scythes, etc. There are the faithful churn, the harness for the horses, and the yokes for the oxen. These houses are not generally scattered over the country at great distances, but, rather, grouped together in villages. I attended a missionary meeting in just such a house as I have described. It had been designed to hold the meeting in the woods adjoining the house, but the rain prevented, and we were obliged to take the meeting into the house. These meetings among German Methodists have something of the character of the English tea meetings, only the Germans, never in a hurry, stay all day, eat three or four meals instead of one, or at least have their tea and coffee three or four times. The meeting was held at Demhorst. Dr. Jacoby, Hurst, and brother Doering were present. Our tables were arranged in lines parallel with the stalls of the stable, and the line of tables next to the cattle were so near them that a cow could stretch out her neck and touch with her nose the backs of those sitting at the table. When the refreshments were over we had religious service in the same room, the cows and the hens mingling their voices with ours. A hen would fly off of her nest and in a very excited

manner report progress, while in the pauses of our speeches a cow, with imperturbable gravity, in a deep, melodious bass, would utter her response. There were few dry eyes in the congregation. How much the absence of a chimney had to do with the tears that flowed is a question I do not now feel called upon to answer.

In Germany, as in our own country, and perhaps all other countries, the temperatures of the people seem to correspond with that of the climate, the people in the South being more impressible and more impetuous than those of the northern part.

CONSOLIDATIONS.

My readers are already acquainted with the acquisition of Holstein and Schleswig by Prussia. Other small governments in Germany are melting away into Prussia, and becoming parts of a great consolidated kingdom. Hanover has shown the same fate, as has also Frankfort-on-the-Main. And even those Duchies, Grand Duchies, and Principalities, which still go through the motions of separate governments, are more or less subject to Prussia, and are obliged to be one with her in all warlike exigencies. The fact is consolidation is going steadily forward, and it is believed for all interests that it should. In Germany, exclu-

sive of Austria, there are twenty-five petty governments, each of them involving a great expense, without population enough, or strength enough, to have any respectability in the family of nations. A vast amount of expense will be saved, both to Germany and other nations, by consolidation. There is more religious toleration in the Prussian Government than in most of the little kingdoms and principalities of Germany. In several of these, since they have been merged into Prussia, we have full liberty, where before we were entirely excluded.

BREMEN

is one of the cities of Northern Germany. It is a neat, clean, thriving town of eighty thousand inhabitants. Like all the cities of Northern Germany it is built of brick, covered with cement. There are hardly any stone buildings in all this part of Germany. Even the palaces of the kings, the past and the present, are of the same material and finish. For some reason the Germans succeed better than the Americans do with this cement finish. They imitate stone so well that one can hardly tell the difference. Bremen was a fortified town, but the ramparts have been leveled down, leaving only the wide ditch, whose banks are lined with beautiful trees. Here is an

old Cathedral, built by the Roman Catholics, but now in the hands of the Lutherans, celebrated principally for having one room which preserves all animal bodies from decay. This room is on a level with the ground, and the floor is but a trifle lower than the floor of the Cathedral proper. Here, in open daylight, and without covering, are bodies of men that have lain there for more than four hundred years! The air of the room seems to have a strange property of extracting every particle of moisture from any animal body deposited there. Another object of interest is the old wine-cellar under the old *Rath-House*, or State-House. Some of these wines have been estimated as high as \$30,000 per drop, reckoning compound interest on their value since they have been in the cellar. I went into the cellar, but did not drink the wine; and on returning to my lodgings, at brother Jacoby's, he produced an old sermon-book more than two hundred years old, in which was a sermon from the text, "He bringeth me into his *wine-cellar*," the word banqueting-house, in Solomon's Song, being rendered *wine-cellar* in Luther's translation.

XV.

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

THE northern part of Germany, bordering on the Baltic and the North Sea, is low, cold, and damp. Both Bremen and Hamburg, though each is at a considerable distance—say seventy miles by way of their rivers, respectively—from the sea, may be considered on a level with it. And when we follow the coast westerly, into Holland, we find much of the country about thirty feet below the surface of the ocean. But as we get south, into Central Germany, the country becomes undulating and very beautiful, and in the southern part, bordering on Switzerland, the hills grow higher and higher, till they at length merge into the magnificent Alps.

The tempers of the people seem to be considerably modified after the temperatures of the climate. I believe it is so in all countries. The people of Switzerland are more impetuous than those of Central Germany, and the people on the

North Sea and the Baltic are still harder to be moved, either to good or evil, while in Denmark, and still more in Sweden and Norway, they let their "moderation be known" in a way to try all the grace and nerves of any Christian man of warmer climes.

Central Germany is an exceedingly rich and beautiful country. Nearly all the grains and fruits of the United States are here produced in good quantities and qualities. Every inch of ground is made to produce something, and every substance containing fertilizing properties is laid under contribution. The forests are all of planted trees, and there is not a decaying log, or limb, to be found in them. Many of these forests belong to the public domain, and many to the adjacent cities or villages. In either case, when it is decided to use a forest for fuel, every tree is cut down and dug out by the roots, and the ground, thus completely cleared of timber, is immediately planted again with the same, generally an evergreen fir, called the needle-tree. Thus forests may be seen in all stages of growth, from knee-high to the towering pine, large and tall enough for the masts of a ship. Thus, also, the same forest has all its trees of nearly the same growth, not of all sizes, as in primeval forests.

In Central Germany the manufacturing of

sugar from the beet is a very extensive branch of business. Thousands of acres of beets are thus converted into sugar of the best quality, and at about half the price paid for the article in the United States. Hops, as may well be imagined, by the enormous quantities of beer consumed, are an important crop in this country, and the young forests, requiring to be constantly thinned out as the trees grow larger, afford abundance of poles for the hops to climb upon. By the way, the Germans, as well as the Americans, know how to adulterate their drinks. Aloes are often used instead of hops to give the beer a bitter taste—so I learned of a man who had an inside view of what the Germans drink.

Wherever grapes can be grown they are cultivated with the greatest avidity. Every body, from the king and duke to the peasant, strives to excel in the cultivation of the vine. A hill-side with a southern or south-western exposure seems to be the best, and much of the best land for vineyards is good for nothing else, being upon the steep bank of the stream, where ledges of rocks have been dug down into terraces, affording a scanty soil where nothing but grapes will grow. But their culture in such places requires immense labor. Manures have to be carried on the back up the rugged sides of these hills, and

the growing crop, from beginning to end, requires constant watching, and imposes very hard and exhausting labor.

THE PEOPLE.

The Germans are a polite people, and, especially in Prussia, a well-educated people. Perhaps fewer Prussians can be found unable to read and write than the people of any other nation. This is owing to the excellent system of education prevailing in that country. The Prussian soldiers, as a class, are the most intelligent soldiers I have ever seen. Their superiority to the French is apparent at a glance.

What are called the higher classes are well posted in the history of their own country, and feel a lively interest in their father-land, but yet are not bigots; and, as a general rule, I have found the Germans exceedingly well-disposed toward the United States, and thousands and millions of them intend, as soon as they can bring it about, to make America their home. The melancholy feature about this, and the only really melancholy feature, is, they bring no Sabbath with them to our shores, and thus, without intending it, exert a terrible influence against Christianity, for there is nothing that will more certainly stop the progress of Christianity than

neglect of the holy Sabbath. The Germans are excessively fond of amusements, and the Sabbath is a day devoted to all manner of pleasure. Theaters, balls, gaming, attendance at beer-gardens, military parades, illuminations, exhibitions, every thing of this sort seeks the Sabbath day.

Gambling at the principal watering-places is carried on on a scale of which I had no conception. The gambling-houses in these places are fitted up in a style that vies with royalty itself. Millions of dollars are expended in fitting up most gorgeous palaces for nothing else than gambling. Spacious halls, adorned with gilded tapestry and mirrors of amazing magnitude and value, are filled with long tables at which men and women sit or stand from morning till night. On these tables are enormous piles of gold and silver. A man on each side sits with a kind of wooden hoe with a long handle, and at the termination of each game, which is, perhaps, on the average, not longer than a minute, scrapes up the money that he has won, or distributes to the crowd that plays against him what is their due according to the gambling code. Men are hired at large salaries to watch every movement, to see that all is fair. Of course, the great advantage is always on the side of the owners at the center, but the hope of sudden gain influences men

and women to throw their money on the table in sums amounting to thousands and tens of thousands at a single cast. It not unfrequently happens that a man thus plays desperately, losing all the time, hoping at the next trial to recover his losses, till all is gone, and in a fit of frenzy he commits suicide. It is a wonder that practices so corrupting and ruinous to the morals of men and women are not prohibited by law.

The world need not be told that the Germans are great smokers. At the dinner-tables in the public hotels of Germany, while ladies are yet eating, men light their cigars and smoke across the table. It is the custom, and all seem to regard it as a matter of course. To see a man drinking coffee and smoking at the same time is very common.

Among the poor the women take their full share of labor in the field. They reap, and mow, and cradle, and rake, and pitch hay just like men. They carry heavy burdens by means of neck-yokes, and carry heavy loads of manure up steep hill-sides to enrich the vineyards. They plow in the fields with oxen and horses, and perform a vast amount of drudgery that we should never think even men ought to do. This menial labor degrades females more than men, and this degradation is plainly seen in those who are thus

reduced to mere beasts of burden. They thus become coarse and masculine, and lost to all proper ideas of the real design of existence. But whether their condition will ever be any better till they leave their native land is more than doubtful. In America there is hope, at least, for the children of the poorest, but in no country of Europe is it so. O, how my heart has ached, again and again, when I have looked upon the precious children of these poor Germans, and considered what their future condition might be in our country, and what it is sure to be in their own!

XVI.

THINGS ABOUT SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

IT is a difficult thing to describe a country that the reader may have the same impressions as the writer ; yet I hope in some degree to accomplish this.

As we say of a city, this is a finished country. It is not in process of development like the United States. Things are going on now much as they have been for generations past, and as they are likely to do for generations to come, so far as the general appearance of the country and the general condition of the inhabitants is concerned. Political changes take place, but the people live in the same houses, observe the same customs, follow the same habits that their fathers did. A conservatism unknown in our country prevails from age to age. Old towns, founded by the Romans long before America was discovered, with their moss-covered castles, and surrounded

by massive walls and earthworks, and hoary cathedrals of vast magnitude and height, the seats of fierce contentions, and on whose lofty domes the storks have reared their families for hundreds of generations, are every-where met with.

WOODLANDS.

With the exceptions of the mountains there are no primeval forests as with us. The timber is all cultivated. There are large forests, and many of them where every tree has been planted, and not a tree is allowed to be cut down without permission of the proper authorities. When one forest-tree is allowed to be used for fuel or timber another is required to be planted, so that there may always be a good supply of timber, a practice which should teach Americans, especially in the West, an important lesson. Our Western prairies would soon abound in beautiful forests if the same care were taken to plant trees. These forests are, for the most part, evergreen fir-trees. The trees are planted at first very close together, and then thinned out as they grow larger. Being planted so close together the trees grow very slim and tall, stretching up to enjoy the light. They are thinned out for bean-poles, then for hop-poles; they are soon large enough for telegraph-poles, then for pump-logs, of which a great

number are in requisition, then for railroad ties and timber for building purposes, and finally for saw-logs. The supply for railroad ties is much better in this country than in the western portion of the United States. All that is not fit for other use is eagerly sought for fuel. There is no rotting timber to be found in the forests. Every dry tree or dry limb is instantly appropriated for fuel. A man appointed for the purpose indicates what trees or forests shall be appropriated, and what new forests planted.

SMALL FARMS.

It looks strange to an American to see thousands of farms varying in size from a tenth of an acre to ten acres. As you travel along you will see a little patch of wheat, perhaps twenty feet wide and two hundred feet long. By the side of this a field of potatoes of the same size; then a patch of Indian corn; another of rye, followed by one of red clover; then one of cabbage; then one of poppies, used for oil; another of beans; another of oats; then a different kind of clover; and so on, repeating this process for miles and miles in extent. As you travel through the valley of the Rhine at this season of the year, and see these patches with the varying colors—white, red, yellow, with a variety of green—you will be

reminded of the old-fashioned pieced bed-quilts which our mothers used to make before sewing-machines were used and they had more leisure. Now, these patches are so many different farms, owned by different men. These are not separated by fences, as with us. Indeed, there are no fences in this country; another peculiarity which looks singular to an American traveler. You may travel all day and not find a single fence, or hedge, or any thing else to mark the different farms but the different crops of grain growing on each. Here is another lesson for our Western farmers. Fences can be dispensed with. The cattle, horses, pigs, etc., are not allowed to run at large except in mountainous regions, where they are watched by a man employed for that purpose; but they are kept up and fed, the cattle being furnished with freshly mown grass.

In all this country the women work in the fields as much as the men, and are as much bronzed as the men by exposure to the weather. This remark applies to the peasant or poor women, who compose much the larger class. The complexions of the peasant women differ wonderfully from those of the wealthy class, so much so that they would be taken, judging from this alone, as a different race.

OUTLANDISH TEAMS.

The cows as well as the women in this country have to work on the farm. I saw many more cows than oxen at work; but they were in good condition, and when a team is needed only occasionally, and the work not very hard, this arrangement is an economical one, as the cows are much needed by the poor for their milk. But to see a cow and an ass, a horse and a bull, a woman and a dog yoked or harnessed together is too bad. The first thing of this kind which I noticed was in Zurich. A load of wood containing two cords was hauled through the town by a team consisting of a horse and a huge bull. The horse, like myself, and with still greater reason, was evidently greatly disgusted, but could not help himself. Similar violations of the law of Moses are common occurrences in Switzerland and Germany.

FLOWERS.

The fondness for flowers in all these regions amounts to a passion. However poor a family may be, or however wanting in taste, as I should regard taste, in other respects, it will not fail to have some rare and beautiful specimens of flowers to cheer the habitation. It is as rare a thing to find a German house without flowers as to find

one without a plentiful supply of children. The cemeteries, some of them, are most beautiful flower-gardens. The roses, of which there is a great variety, are grafted on a wild trunk, which grows tall and straight. Thus grafted, they present a symmetrical, round top, thickly covered with fragrant and beautiful roses. Rare blossoms are seen blooming in all windows in towns and cities.

STORKS.

The stork is a great favorite with all Germans. They take every pains to cultivate his friendship, and he is particularly on good terms with those who show him this great kindness. Special care is taken, in building houses with high towers or steeples, to prepare a place for the stork's nest, and when these sagacious birds—as they very often do—take the hint and establish their home in the place prepared for them, the event is regarded as indicating great good fortune, whether to a church or private dwelling. The man who should kill a stork would be regarded as a vandal indeed. The following story was vouched for to me by a Methodist preacher in whom I have reason to place entire confidence. A stork's nest, consisting of two eggs, was approached and one of the eggs taken and a duck's egg put in its place. Both eggs were hatched in due time, and the male

stork, perceiving the difference in his reputed children, became highly indignant, and began to fight furiously the female bird. He soon left, however, and after a short absence returned, bringing with him a number of other storks. The council adjudged the female worthy of death, and accordingly actually put to death the unfortunate step-mother.

DWELLINGS.

In all Central and Southern Germany the people live exclusively in cities and towns, so that there are no houses seen in the country. When a man lives in the town and has twenty of these little farms in different directions, no little time is lost in going from one place to the other. The cattle, horses, swine, chickens, etc., as well as the people, in these parts of Germany inhabit the cities, and live under the same roof. If—as is sometimes the case—the preaching-place is in an “upper room” over one of these mixed residences, the minister is reminded that he is preaching the Gospel to every *creature* in a sense probably not contemplated in the original commission. If the horse should be asking for his oats, and the pigs demand to know why their breakfast delays, and the ox affirming that he is thirsty, and the pullet making a lively report of

her morning exploit, and the whole accompanied by other more subtle, but not less appreciable, influences, the preacher will find it greatly to his advantage to have thoroughly mastered, and to put into practice, Wesley's sermon on "Wandering Thoughts."

FOOD.

In all Germany, Switzerland, France, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, the breakfast is a much lighter meal than with the Americans or English. A cup of coffee with a small bit of bread, with or without an egg, and a little butter, constitutes the meal. Families buy their bread entirely at the public bakery, and these bakeries give them the worth of their money, so far as the amount of baking is concerned, as the terrific crust on the loaf will testify. Why they bake the bread so hard I do not know, but it is the fashion, and every body follows the fashion. The usual way is to dip the crust in coffee, when it immediately becomes soft. Dinner is the only meal in which meat is much used, and in this I think the Germans are decidedly sensible. The poor people seldom see meat at all, except, perhaps, a little on Sunday. Multitudes of them live almost entirely on bread and a little light wine, hardly more than a little vinegar and water.

THE SABBATH

is a holiday in all this country. Its loose observance is a great drawback to religion. People go from church—those of them who attend church—to all sorts of amusements and dissipation, and forget the claims of God upon them. The restoration of the Christian Sabbath is the great want of this country.

XVII.

DENMARK.

OUR Scandinavian missions embrace Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. I visited these countries in this order, and propose to give my readers some idea of the country and the work.

Denmark consists partly of a peninsula extending northward from Prussia in the North Sea, and a large number of islands, the most important of which is Zealand, on which is situated the capital of the kingdom. Denmark, previous to the late war with Prussia, contained about six million inhabitants. But the war left Prussia in possession of the southern half of the peninsula above-named, embracing the territories of Holstein and Schleswig, by which Denmark lost one-third of her population, and the best part of her territory, as well as the fine harbor of Kiel, on the Baltic. The Danes and Prussians have each their own version of the cause of this war—the Danes

affirming that the cause of the war was the coveted harbor of Kiel, and the Prussians that the territory of Schleswig and Holstein reverted to Prussia on the death of the late King of Denmark. As an American, bound to keep out of entangling alliances, I shall take no part in the controversy.

Denmark is a level country, and, considering its latitude, a fertile one. The whole of the country lies north of 55° . The Winters are long and severe. Rye is the principal grain grown for bread, though there is some Spring wheat and some buckwheat. Corn, of course, is out of the question in this latitude. Potatoes and oats do tolerably well, considering the shortness of the season. The grass grows well, and is the most valuable product of the soil. Extensive beds of peat abound throughout Denmark, as well as through all the countries of Europe. This article is much more widely diffused than I had expected to find, and is more and more a mystery as to its origin.

The Danes are an honest, industrious, and patient people. They are never in a hurry, and have no notion of moving faster than is their wont. You will sometimes have to wait two hours for what might just as well be done in two minutes, if the people had a little more idea of

enterprise. I had occasion in Kiel to get some money exchanged, to enable me to travel in Denmark. But on going to the bank the cashier had gone to *dinner*, and might be gone two hours, more or less, and the idea never entered their heads that any arrangement could be made by which business could be done in his absence. The same quiet, contented spirit prevails all over Scandinavia. The people have an impression that the Americans are wonderfully ahead of them in enterprise; and they are right.

Copenhagen, the capital, situated on the east side of the island of Zealand, is a solid, quiet old town, of one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by high ramparts, made of earth, outside of which is a wide, deep ditch, the usual manner in which the ancient cities in this region of country were formerly fortified against invaders. These ramparts are now used only as promenades, being covered with beautiful trees, consisting mostly of linn and elm. The houses in Copenhagen, except the public buildings, are entirely destitute of ornament, built of brick, with red tiling for the roof, as is the custom throughout all Germany. The streets of Copenhagen are paved with round bowlders, about the size of twelve-pounders, and a segment of every stone, amounting to about one-third, is

above the earth in which it is imbedded. Such pavements, without sidewalks, except of the same, make traveling on the streets a peculiar exercise. A person unaccustomed to it will limp on both feet, as he steps from one smooth round stone to another.

I arrived in the city on Saturday, and remained till Tuesday. On Sabbath I attended services at the Methodist Episcopal Church in the morning, conducted by brother Rye, the preacher in charge. In the afternoon I preached in English. The American Minister, Mr. Yeatman, and his wife, were out to hear me. We have about eighty members, and a very fine Sunday-school, in Copenhagen. Our church edifice here is by far the best of any we have in Europe. It cost \$70,000 in gold, and in America would cost much more. This cost includes the parsonage, also, a very substantial building, occupied by brother Wilerup, the Superintendent of the Scandinavian mission. I here gratefully record my sense of obligation to brother Wilerup and his excellent wife, for every possible attention to a weary and way-worn traveler.

Copenhagen is the seat of the far-famed Thorvaldsen Museum. This museum contains about seven hundred specimens of sculpture and paintings, collected by Thorvaldsen, the choicest spec-

imens of sculpture being the production of his own hands. Unlike most museums, the exterior portion of the spacious building is in every part historic. Thorvaldsen's reception in Copenhagen, on the 17th of September, 1838, when, after an absence of eighteen years, he returned in a ship that brought over part of his works intended for the museum, is seen on the exterior of one side of the building. On the other side is depicted the conveyance of these works to the museum. All these images are produced by the inlaying of different-colored cements in the wall.

On Monday I also visited the Chronological Collections in Rosenborg Palace. This palace was built by Christian IV, in 1604. It is in Gothic style, and has four towers. In this old palace are stowed away the *regalia* of the kings of Denmark for many generations. We may see by these relics, as well as by many others in Europe, how the kings, at first plain men, aspired to be gods, and how the kingly ideas are now, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, fast vanishing and giving place to more just estimates of human nature. Here are tables, sideboards, secretaries, bedsteads, and dishes of marvelous workmanship, and costing fabulous sums of money. The famous drinking-horn of Oldenburg, with many other drinking-cups of gold, silver, and

crystal of enormous value, are here stowed away. Here is a tureen made of one garnet, clusters of artificial fruit in solid emerald, sapphires, diamonds, pearls, of enormous size and value. I saw vessels for the table service, nearly a foot in diameter, carved from solid crystal. Here is a horse equipage, with sword and pistols, presented by Christian IV to his elder son on his wedding day, 1664. The saddle and bridle are of velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls. The buckles are set with diamonds. The whole cost a million of francs. Here are lions as large as life of solid silver, various kinds of garments in great variety literally covered with gold and precious gems.

The Knight's Hall contains a massive silver throne, covered with the richest tapestry, representing the various battles in which Christian V was engaged. Here is a royal baptismal font of silver, weighing three hundred and sixty ounces, two chandeliers of cut iron and crystal, one of which is valued at three hundred thousand francs and the other still more expensive. I should think these relics of the follies of past ages are worth \$10,000,000, and are kept in the archives of a poor, weak nation. The present king of Denmark is a plain man, and lives in plain style compared with that of his predecessors.

The Royal Museum of Northern Antiquities

contains a very extensive collection of ancient warlike implements, as well as other relics of ancient times. Among other things are several ancient coffins, supposed to be a thousand years old. These rude houses of the dead are simply logs of wood split open and dug out like a trough, the body put in, and then the two parts of the log fastened together by means of iron bands or bolts.

There are several parks about Copenhagen that are beautiful, but I have seen no park in Europe—and I believe I have seen as good as they have—at all to be compared with the New York Central Park for beauty and variety of scenery. Of course there are older trees, and older monuments, and more historic reminders in these European parks, but it will take any five of them put together to equal the variety seen at the New York Central, which is only about ten or twelve years old, and which will increase in its attractions all the time for a hundred years to come.

XVIII.

SWEDEN.

SWEDEN, as a whole, is a more barren and desolate region than I had thought it to be. The most southern point is above 55° north latitude, consequently 15° further north than the city of New York. And from being 55° north at the southern point it stretches away northward for 14° more, reaching far into the frigid zone. I went across from Copenhagen, in Denmark, to Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and from there across the territory at its widest place to Christiana, the capital of Norway. This gave me an opportunity of seeing Lakes Wenner and Wetter, reminders of school-boy days. We had to remain all night on the banks of Lake Wenner, as the people in this country are in no hurry to get through life rapidly ; so when night comes the train from Copenhagen to Stockholm lies over until morning. The country along the sea-coast and for a few miles inland is tolerably fertile, pro-

ducing rye, oats, potatoes, and grass, but you soon find yourself in a barren region, with only narrow strips, in the character of winding valleys, that are good for any thing for purposes of farming. I should judge that of the whole country less than one acre in a hundred is worth any thing at all. The whole country is a continuous succession of granite rocks. It can hardly be called mountainous, except the Deerferfield Chain, separating Sweden from Norway. It is rather a succession of rugged hills and precipices of solid granite, with bowlders of the same in infinite profusion. The rockiest portion of New Hampshire must yield to Sweden. For hundreds of miles the only soil there is in the ravines a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet below the general level of the surface, wherever there is a little earth thus formed of disintegrated rock. It produces, when properly cultivated, the stereotyped rye and grass in tolerable quantities. The rye in some places is as thrifty as I ever saw anywhere.

The staple timber is a poor quality of pine. Extensive lumbering establishments exist wherever the lumber is contiguous to a harbor, and it is sent in the shape of boards, shingles, and timber to the different parts of Europe. White birch, next to pine, is perhaps the most common

tree to be seen in this country. The linn, as an ornament, is a great favorite in Sweden, as well as in all Germany and Switzerland. It is here a remarkably hardy tree, and will thrive with ever so much tramping round the roots, and will grow in almost any imaginable form desired, and allow of the limbs being wreathed together, so that different trees become united into one. The mountain ash is every-where met with here, as is also the common alder. This latter tree grows many times larger here than in the United States, and is used as an ornamental tree. The weeping ash I have met with in all parts of Europe. There is no fruit of much account in Sweden. It is too cold for peaches or grapes. A few apples and pears of a stunted growth and inferior quality are produced. The snow, which falls to an enormous depth, is late in disappearing; and the seasons, compared with our own, are very backward. The last of July is the strawberry season. I saw many fields of potatoes just sprouting out of the ground the 20th of July, and apples just forming. Indeed, I saw some blossoms on the trees after this period. The people, as may be well imagined, are poor. It is a hard struggle with them to live, and when there is a failure of crops they are driven to extremities of which the people of the United

States have no idea. In all this region the people, that is the laboring classes, and this embraces nearly all outside of the cities, would come to America if they could. I had no idea until I came to Europe how wide-spread is the conviction that America is the land of promise to the poor man, and how wide-spread is the determination to go there as soon as circumstances will permit, and I never thanked God for America so heartily as I have done since I have seen how different is the prospect before the poor in our own country from what it is in any part of Europe.

There is absolutely no hope for a poor family in any country through which I have traveled, and my heart has ached when I have seen little children obliged to labor beyond their strength for a bare subsistence, with no hope of any thing but dreary toil till death shall give them rest. Many of them are cheated out of the Sabbath that God gave to man and beast. I believe there are ten millions of people in Europe ready to start for America to-morrow if they saw any practicable way of getting there. They would make good citizens in the United States, and would soon acquire a competence. I doubt if our Government could do a wiser thing in the long run than to afford some aid to these millions

that long for our shores. There are hundreds of thousands here who would repay with interest, as soon as they could earn the money, the amount necessary to enable them to reach the United States, and besides this, would become valuable citizens in developing the resources of the mighty West. The missionaries of Sweden and Norway, as well as of Germany and Switzerland, have assured me that nearly the whole of our membership would gladly come to America if they could get there. They are looking forward, and hoping, and praying for the favored time to come that shall bring them to our shores. May the Lord answer their prayers! The Old World has not room for them, and the New World needs them.

I arrived at Stockholm, the capital, on the 17th of July, tired and half sick. This old city is situated on *nine islands*, at the foot of Lake Malar, where the River Malar unites with the tide-water of the Baltic. An immense amount of fresh water, the product of the melting snow, discharges itself, at this season of the year, through this river. Like many other European towns, Stockholm has what is called "the city," the old walled part, and the more modern situated outside the ancient walls. The city has a park of immense size, and of great natural

beauty, occupying one of the islands. Stockholm is also the home of the King of Sweden. His palace is an immense affair as to size, but in external appearance as plain as one of the New England cotton-mills, which it very much resembles. But in all kingly countries the motions of royalty must be gone through with, and so here, as elsewhere, we see crowns on every thing: crowns on houses, on clothing, on soldiers' uniforms, on signs, over gateways, on horses' bridles, and on freight-cars. But the ancient glory of kings has departed. It has been found out that they are but men, and henceforth, in all the nations of the earth, they are to be put upon their good behavior. The superannuated notion that the king or queen owns the subjects is no longer able to exert a potential control over men's thoughts and actions. The present King of Sweden is said to be an amiable man, and to be devoted to the welfare of the people, and, thus regarded, he is beloved by his subjects.

Stockholm has a number of ancient churches, some of them more than seven hundred years old. The established religion here, as well as in Norway and Denmark, is Lutheran, but in many Churches a very different thing from what was designed by the stern reformer whose name it bears. Many of the ministers pronounce abso-

lution in a way that causes the poor sinner to look no further for pardon. Ritualistic regeneration is also strongly held to by many Lutherans in this country, while many others are infidels in all but the name. But there are also pious, earnest, godly men in this Church, who teach the importance of experimental religion. The presence of Methodism in this country has exerted a quickening power on many of the Lutheran Churches. They have established Sabbath-schools, and home missions, and prayer-meetings, and in many places something like class-meetings, and, apparently convinced that we have got something which they need, are acting as much like us as they can, and thus endeavoring to occupy the ground which they see we are likely, otherwise, to cultivate.

On the 18th of July I met the brethren in Stockholm who were desirous of a Methodist mission there. God has raised up a man there to prepare the way for us, and he has been preaching to the people the same doctrines that we preach, and they have been looking and longing for the coming of an accredited missionary from America. The news was just then conveyed to them that a man had been appointed to be their pastor. I never saw a people so much overjoyed at any tidings of this sort

before. They continued to express and to repeat their gratitude to God and the Missionary Board again and again that their prayers had been answered, and that they henceforth were to be organized into a regular Methodist Episcopal Church. They gave me assurance that they would rent and pay the rent for a hall in which to worship, which would hold six hundred persons. We thus commence a regular mission in Stockholm, as we have before established missions in the capitals of Denmark and Norway. May God's blessing rest on this new mission!

XIX.

NORWAY.

IT has been a cherished wish with me to be allowed to see the sun perform his entire revolution without setting. I have not quite realized this desire, but have been where it is light enough to read at midnight, and the sun, at this place, only six degrees below the horizon, and that only at the exact hour of midnight. Such a place is Christiana, the capital of Norway, from about the 10th to the 30th of June. My visit there was a little later than this period. The most southerly point of Norway is fifty-eight degrees north of the equator, and Christiana is two-thirds of the distance from the equator to the pole; so a degree of latitude is but half as long here as at the equator.

Last year at this time I was where it is everlasting Summer; now I am very near to everlasting Winter. Norway, as a whole, is a cold, barren, inhospitable region. Its coast is far-

famed as being a terribly dangerous one to navigation; indeed, no ship can live in these troubled waters in the Winter season. The coast, during its whole length, is indented with bays and sounds, which, in the southern portion of the country, afford the means of shipping vast quantities of pine lumber to other parts of the world. But the lumber is becoming scarce, and many who formerly made lumbering their business in Norway have now made large purchases of timber land in Sweden. I judge that not more than the *four-hundredth* part of Norway can ever be made available for purposes of cultivation. When the lumber is gone, as it soon will be—that portion of it which is accessible—then only mining and hunting will afford a livelihood in the more northerly portions of the country. Rye and oats are the principal grain depended upon for food. Where there is any soil the rye flourishes. The season is too short for good potatoes. Turnips, as a food for cattle, are extensively cultivated in Norway and Sweden.

The snow, even in the southern part of the country, falls eight and ten feet deep, and drifts to several times this height, and, in the more northerly portions of the country, it never melts. Grass, including timothy, white and red clover, yields well wherever there is earth enough to

plow. This, of course, is confined to the southern part of the country. The people are very poor in this country, and often driven to the greatest extremes to keep from starvation. When food is uncommonly scarce they grind up bones and bark with their rye and oat-meal, and make the whole into a coarse bread. Men, cattle, sheep, horses, every thing show that it is a hard country for a living, and the people, like those of Sweden, a majority of them, would come to America if they could. The journey from Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, to Christiana, the capital of Norway, was one which I shall not soon forget. We—that is, myself and brother Wilerup—were up very early in the morning, at Stockholm, to be ready for the early train, and rode all day, and till in the night, to reach a place called Udevalla, where brother Wilerup informed me we should have a ride of ten miles on a post-road. I thought ten miles no great hardship to make in a stage-coach, having traveled twenty-five hundred miles in this way in a single Summer. But a further development showed that at the end of the ten miles there was half a mile more to bring us to Frederickshold, and then two miles beyond this would bring us to our appointment on Sunday morning. But this did not seem like any great undertaking. But a still

further development showed that the ten miles aforesaid were *Swedish* miles, and that each Swedish mile was equal to *seven* English miles. This now began to look like work indeed; there were then, according to the reckoning, seventy miles between me and my Sunday appointment, to be traveled over in a single day, by stage-coaches, as I supposed. I was very unwell to begin the day with, but thought I might get some rest in the stage-coach. So we were up by three o'clock in the morning, and started off in the rain, not in a stage-coach, as I had expected, but a poor specimen of a worn-out buggy. But this was a paradise compared with what followed. We went perhaps seven or eight miles in this, and came to the station where they changed horses.

We were now obliged to take each an indescribable sort of conveyance, drawn by Swedish and Norwegian horses. The vehicle will, perhaps, be as well conceived of by the reader as any other way by calling it an *antediluvian wheelbarrow*, drawn backward instead of being pushed forward, and having two wheels instead of one. A pony whose mane was sheared off, and, probably, riding behind some lady in America as we rode behind the pony; a pony minus the oats a pony ought to have for such service; a pony with a

harness defying all description ; a pony with two strong ropes for traces and two more ropes for reins—such a pony with such equipage was fastened to this unspeakable *go-cart*. The pony and the *go-cart* trotted together as if they had been one machine, and you felt every motion of the little, rascally Norwegian concern. The only consolation was that this terrible jolting might be good for the liver. The surpassing oddity of the whole affair for a time kept up my spirits, and every change from bad to worse occurring once in about seven miles, left so many stations behind us ; and I counted the miles ahead as a child counts the days before Christmas. In this way I was pounded from morning till night, and found, to my utter dismay at last, that when we had got through the seventy miles of pounding promised in the morning, there were yet fourteen more miles ; it being in fact twelve instead of ten Danish miles. But, mustering all the resolution I could command, I resolved to see the worst, and we pressed on this additional fourteen miles, making in all eighty-four miles that we had gone in this way since morning. I kept up as good spirits as I could through these last two drives, expecting at the end to get a night's rest. But when at the end of eighty-four miles I found to my unspeakable sorrow that the two miles that

had been talked about additional were three miles instead of two, and worse and worse, they were the abominable Swedish miles, each seven times as long as an English mile. It was now bed-time; I was tired almost to death and sick besides. It was twenty-one miles to Sarpsburg, where the preachers of Norway had been summoned to meet me. Whether I could get there alive that night was now a serious question with me. But brother Wilerup insisted that I had better go on that night, as I would feel so sore if I should lie over. But Providence was on my side, and probably saved my life. The horses and conveyance could not be had, and so from necessity we stayed all night at Frederickshold. I was as near being killed as I care to be by this day's ride. This was my introduction into Norway. I met all the preachers of Norway at Sarpsburg, and had a most pleasant interview with them. They are a noble band of missionaries. I addressed a large congregation through brother Wilerup as my interpreter, heard reports from each of the preachers in order, was warmly received by the good brethren of Sarpsburg, and left on Monday for Christiana.

Sarpsburg is situated at the falls of the Glommon, and is a great lumbering place. The falls is one of the finest things of the kind to be found

anywhere. The river is about the size of the Rhine, and the falls in some respects resemble the Rhine Falls. A few years ago one of our members was lost here. Rafts of logs are floated down the Glommon till they come within the influence of the falls and then left to go over; but in this case the brother did not leave the raft soon enough, and was carried over and never seen after. When he saw that he could not save his life he kneeled down on the raft and prayed, then pulled his cap over his face and bowed forward, and in another moment was in the midst of the terrible cataract.

Christiana, the capital of Norway, has a population of sixty thousand, and is rather a pleasant town. The Vice-Regent lives here, and his palace is one of the attractions of the city. The Parliament House is a fine building; the University, also, is a place of considerable note. But the long and terrible Winters here, almost destitute of daylight, must be a drawback to the city. My route back from Norway lay through the Skaggerrack and Cattedgat, two names memorable with school children. The sea is terribly rough in these localities. I thought it would be a nice thing to write something to my children while sailing on the Skaggerrack, but the sea grew rough and I soon found it necessary to

employ myself in a very different exercise from writing letters.

On my way from Norway I fell in with three Quakers who had been spending some time in that country, from whom I learned that the Friends have fourteen societies in Norway. These men assured me that their members, like ours, as soon as they are converted long for America, and would gladly come if they could. The population of Norway is increasing, and yet the country does not afford a comfortable living to those who are there. The Norwegians appear to be a fine class of people. All the Scandinavians are polite, the Swedes proverbially so. The Swedes, on this account, are called the French of Scandinavia. Their politeness, however, is more hearty and less hollow than that of the French. The Scandinavians have better teeth than we have. The cause of this is worth inquiring into. It is not at all likely that our teeth were designed to fail thirty or forty years sooner than our hands and feet. The people eat less hot and sour food than we do, whether or not this accounts for the greater longevity of their teeth.

XX.

RAILROADS AND RAILROADING IN EUROPE.

AN American traveler in Europe will find in railroads and railroading some things better and some things worse than he is accustomed to find at home.

The roads themselves are generally better than they are in America. But few new roads are being built here as compared with the number in the United States, so that generally the roads you ride on are much older than with us. But it is due to the truth to say that even the new roads are made better than in America. There is also more care taken to prevent accidents by collisions, obstructions, or irregular time. There are more men employed on a given section of the road. In Great Britain the danger at railroad crossings, so fruitful a source of accidents in America, is almost wholly avoided. The railway almost always goes either over or under the

common road at the crossing. Where it is level the common road is graded in such a manner as to let the railroad pass under it, and if the country is hilly the common roads pass under the railroads in the ravines. This method of avoiding accidents is not so universal in other parts of Europe, but where it does not exist a man is stationed at the crossing who does not permit any thing to go over the track when the engine is near.

In all this country the various employés about the railroads are obliged to wear a uniform by which they are instantly recognized. This, to a stranger of another country, is an advantage, as there is less danger of being deceived by sharpers.

In one respect the cars are safer than in America. They are so constructed as to make it nearly impossible for one car to run into another as with us. I shall not attempt an exact description of the method by which this is accomplished, but it is simple and well worthy the attention of railroad men. Again, the conductor has a habit of inquiring before the cars start, at the different stations, whether all the passengers belonging to a particular apartment are in their places, which adds to the comfort and safety of travelers.

In Ireland and in some parts of Germany the cars have three instead of two sets of wheels to

each coach. I doubt the utility or advantage in any respect of this arrangement. Whenever a train is to start a man at the station rings a bell a minute or two before starting, and at the point of starting another functionary blows a little whistle which hangs about his neck, which is the signal for the whistle connected with the locomotive to be blown and the train to start.

The cars, with the exception of a few places in Switzerland, are differently constructed from those in the United States, and in my judgment are by no means so good as ours. A car is divided into three apartments by strong partitions, with no doors from the one to the other. These apartments are entered by means of three doors on each side of the car, making it necessary that each car should have six doors instead of two, as with us. Each of these apartments will hold from eight to twelve persons. Conceive of a common omnibus with side seats moving side-wise, so that those on one seat ride with their faces forward and those on the opposite seat with their backs toward the front, and conceive, further, that each seat is divided into three or four apartments by means of a low partition, so that each person rides in what we may call a low arm-chair, those on one seat facing those on the other, and you have as good an idea as I can give you

of a first-class car as to the general appearance. They are cushioned so as to be very easy and comfortable. The second class, in the general arrangement, is similar to the first, but in every way inferior. The third class is still plainer, having no cushions at all, and often being very filthy. In Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, as also in France and Switzerland, the second class cars are about equal to the first class in England. It is very common for the same coach to have its three apartments all different as to the grade, one apartment being first class, one second, and one third. When you have taken your seat in your apartment you are locked in, and have no means of communicating with any body but the half dozen, more or less, who may be shut up with you. There is no rope running through the cars as in America, by which the alarm can be given to the engineer should a car get on fire or any other accident happen. This seems to be a great defect in European railroading. I believe in France, in some cases, there is some means of giving notice of danger, but I could not make it out sufficiently to know how the thing was done. There being no door from one car into another, nor from one apartment of the same car to another, makes it a very awkward matter for conductors. To enable

them to examine the tickets while the cars are in motion, there is a platform attached to the car, consisting of a plank running along its side and an iron rod above for the conductor to hold on to as he moves along from one apartment to another to examine or collect the tickets. This arrangement is full of danger to conductors, especially in cold weather when the platform is covered with ice.

The cars in this country have no means of being warmed; the consequence is much suffering in cold weather. It is impracticable to have a stove in one of these little apartments; there is no room for it, and it would be impossible to get round it without burning clothes. Why the Europeans insist in keeping this inconvenient arrangement, I do not see.

Our *checking* system in the United States is vastly better than any thing of the kind in Europe. In many places you are subjected to great annoyance and danger of being left by being obliged to get out and hunt up your trunk, and get it on the right train. Whereas if you could take a check, to be presented at the end of the journey, as in America, it would be an immense advantage, especially to females.

There are no sleeping-cars in any part of Europe with the exception, as I learn, of Russia.

In England this is not so necessary as in the United States, because there are no such distances to be traveled there as with us. But on the Continent there is room, and one who has been accustomed to good sleeping-cars misses them here.

At the different stations in Germany, the sitting-rooms conform to the class arrangements. There is one room for first-class passengers, another for the second, and still another for the third.

Refreshments are served in these rooms, and furnished at reasonable rates. In Sweden I paid twenty-four shillings for a cup of coffee. But twenty-four shillings of Swedish money amounts to only about ten cents.

While on the subject of railroads I may as well say that I have not seen a single street-railroad in any of the cities of Europe with the exception of Copenhagen. In this respect the people in this country are wonderfully behind the times.

In Ireland the principal means of locomotion through the streets of the great cities is the *jaunty car*. This Irish institution has two wheels. But a kind of frame-work is made to set over them somewhat like an old-fashioned pair of saddle-bags. There are two seats, one over each wheel, and each seat will contain two persons.

These have their backs together, and the wheels are so covered by the seats that they can not throw any mud on you, however muddy the streets may be. In a crowd of vehicles however, of all sorts, you feel a sense of danger to your feet, lest they get entangled in their exposed condition on the outside of the wheel.

In England a peculiar conveyance is the *hansom car*. This is decidedly the most comfortable arrangement for all sorts of weather that I have anywhere seen. Like the jaunty car it has but two wheels, and is drawn by one horse, but it is made with folding glass doors in front of you and glass windows at the side, so that you can be perfectly dry in ever so hard a storm, and at the same time have just as good a view of every thing around you, as you would in an open carriage. The driver sits on a high seat behind and the reins go over the top of the car. It is rather a singular looking concern for an *outsider*, but marvelously comfortable *inside*, especially on a rainy day, a thing to which London is by no means a stranger. We say nothing about the comfort of the driver. He is set to endure all sorts of weather, and so the passengers get their ride, and pay for it, the proprietors of the cabs and cars care very little further.

In all this country every cab-driver is obliged

to have his card in sight on which are printed the prices by the hour and for certain distances, all regulated by law. This is an excellent arrangement, and saves many a person from being imposed upon.

American Letters.

I.

COLORADO.

THE Colorado Conference closed a pleasant session on the 26th of June. Unable, on account of Indian troubles, to go forward at present, I propose to comply with the request of the editor to "remember the Western Christian Advocate." If he intended by the request only to be polite, it is not the first time a polite remark has brought home an unsophisticated customer sooner than was expected.

Whoever supposes that the heroic period of Methodism is passed, will find out his mistake as soon as he comes out here. If there be any virtue, or any praise, in climbing high mountains, swimming dangerous rivers, plodding through snow-drifts, being exposed to parching heat and

chilling cold, encountering savage wild beasts, and more savage and wilder men, the itinerants of this country share the virtue and the praise. It is no uncommon thing to encamp for the night far away from all white inhabitants, where the only residents are the bears, panthers, mountain lions, and savage Indians. The phrase "friendly Indians" in these parts is seldom used, except by way of irony. The Indians, as a general rule, will be friendly enough if you will let them steal all they want and carry it off without opposition. In other words, all they want is, in the Scriptural language of the Southern rebels, to be let alone. But if they are pursued and required to disgorge their plunder, then they will kill you if they can. There is at present, all over the West, and South, and North, reckoning from this meridian, strong evidence of a general Indian war. It is about certain to come at no distant period. To be in perils by Indians is what many people in the East have no adequate conception of. The reality soon dispels all poetic illusions on the subject of the "noble red men of the forest." Such poetry flows most freely from those who never saw an Indian. A sight of a wagon-load of fathers, mothers, and children, down to the nursing child, with throats cut, and scalped, and their bodies otherwise too shockingly mutilated to be

described, soon takes all this Indian poetry out of the beholder, and especially if they be his own friends and kindred so murdered and mangled.

The itinerant here experiences extremes of heat and cold to an extent and with a rapidity of succession unknown in the eastern portions of the country. In the valley of the Platte the air will feel like the breath of an oven, scorching with heat, and so dry that it immediately absorbs all moisture from the skin. Thus panting for breath, you have but to raise your eyes to see vast ranges of mountains covered with eternal snows; and a few hours' ride brings you into a snow-storm. On the 16th of June I rode several miles in a snow-storm. The night following it froze very hard, and on the following day it snowed again, followed by another freezing night. Down on the plains, of course, it was Summer.

The Methodists here, preachers and people, judge rightly that Colorado is going to be an immensely rich and populous State, and are manifesting a commendable zeal to plant our institutions on a good foundation. At Denver we have a church which would be creditable to any congregation anywhere. It is excelled in beauty by not more than one Methodist church in Cincinnati, and cost between \$20,000 and \$30,000. We also have an excellent seminary in Denver.

The building is an elegant brick structure, and would be creditable in any part of our country. It has an able Faculty, with President Richardson at the head, and has averaged sixty pupils since its establishment. It will grow to be the first college in Colorado. At Central City, forty miles up in the mountains, our Church have a commodious stone building in process of completion. It will be a beautiful and substantial structure when finished. At Black Hawk, Nevada, and Empire cities, we have comfortable halls in which we worship, which will soon give place to good churches. Our Sabbath-school interests in the Territory are pushed forward with a zeal and success worthy of imitation anywhere. I have never seen quite so much activity in this most hopeful department of Church enterprise.

Governor Evans deserves great credit for being always ready to help forward every work of a religious or benevolent character. Without bigotry, he is not ashamed to be an earnest Christian, and his moral and Christian character exerts an influence for good all over the Territory.

The Colorado Conference has raised \$1,000 missionary money this year. This is about \$750 above the assessment, and between four and five dollars to the member throughout the Conference. If all parts of the Church would do as well, we

should have nearly *four millions* of missionary money this year.

I have found the preachers of Colorado Conference to be an uncomplaining, earnest, companionable, and efficient class of men. I feel under special obligations to them for substantial manifestations of kindly regard. May they find abundant success in their ministry and a home in heaven!

The scenery in this country is the grandest that can be conceived of. From Denver the view is particularly beautiful. On the south-east, at the distance of seventy miles, and at the north-west, at perhaps the same distance, stand two noted mountains. The former is Pike's Peak, and the latter Long's Peak. These mountains lift their snowy heads into the heavens about three miles high, and a circular range of snow-covered mountains reach from one of these vast spurs to the other, the whole forming a tremendous amphitheater whose diameter is one hundred and fifty miles. The sight in the morning, as the light of the rising sun falls on these lofty ranges, is most charming. The sunset views, and also the sights by moonlight, are exceedingly beautiful. There never was a finer field for the display of the painter's talent.

There is a remarkable fact to which I do not

recollect to have seen attention called ; namely, that vegetable and animal life have become acclimated to these mountain temperatures, so that both flourish with a degree of temperature which would prove almost instantly fatal in other parts of the country. I saw strawberries in bloom at an altitude of two miles. Raspberries flourish in great abundance at the same altitude. It often happens, as I was again and again assured in the mountains, that ripe raspberries and strawberries can be taken with one hand and snow with the other. Mosquitoes flourish in great abundance at the same altitude, as do also grasshoppers. I saw thousands of young grasshoppers, as lively as could be, in the midst of a snow-storm, and when heavy ice was formed every night. Their wings had scarcely begun to grow, and they reminded me of little boys playing in the snow without their coats on. Many of the most delicate and beautiful flowers come right up through the snow.

DENVER CITY, COL., *June 30.* 1865.

II.

COLORADO—ITS RESOURCES.

IN my last letter I dwelt somewhat at length on the moral and religious aspects of Colorado. In the present I propose to speak of her resources, of what she wants, and what she does not want. About one-third of the eastern portion of the Territory is a vast undulating plain, almost wholly destitute of timber, except on the high ridges or "divides" which separate between the streams. On this plain, as large as a good-sized State, it seldom rains, especially in the Summer months, and those who engage in farming have to depend on irrigation instead of showers to moisten their soil. Such portions of the country as can be thus watered produce excellent crops, especially of wheat, oats, rye, barley, and potatoes. But a small portion only is capable of being thus watered, which will always prevent Colorado from being a grain country. But this eastern portion of the State, as well as Western

Nebraska and Kansas, to which it lies contiguous, is far from being a desert, as we have been accustomed to understand from our geographies. It abounds in grass of a most nutritious quality, supporting myriads of buffalo, and capable of supporting vast herds of cattle and sheep. Indeed, there are men now owning cattle by the thousand, and some of them by the ten thousand, on the southern portion of this Territory and in New Mexico. The grass retains its nutritious qualities after it has become dry, and cattle and sheep keep fat on it all Winter. There is but little timber in the Territory, and that of a poor quality. The pine and spruce compose nearly all the timber. There is a small quantity of cotton-wood and poplar. There is no white pine, nor oak, nor ash, nor cherry, nor hickory, nor walnut, nor any of the woods needed for strength or beauty, consequently all such articles as require these must be brought from the East, as the west of here is equally destitute, and even more so, as I am informed. But Colorado will have abundant means to purchase all she wants.

The great business of the Territory is, and always will be, that of *mining*. In this respect her resources are inexhaustible. The precious metals are more generally diffused throughout the State than perhaps in any other portion of

the Great West. The time is not distant when Colorado alone will produce fifty millions of gold and silver annually. Copper is also found in great abundance, as is also lead, iron, and coal. I was incredulous about the coal of this region till I saw it. There is abundance of bituminous coal here of the finest quality. I went into a coal-bank, about twenty-two miles from here, where the coal was ten feet thick, and was shown another bank where it is eighteen feet thick, within less than twenty miles from Denver. Close by this coal there is iron ore of the finest quality, and lime ready to be used in its manufacture, and a furnace actually in operation making metal.

What this Territory specially now wants to develop its resources is the speedy completion of the Pacific Railroad. This will readily be understood when I say that, taking all things into account, the prices of living here are three times as great as in the States, and this depending wholly upon the expense of transportation. The price of freight from the Missouri River to this place has risen, the last year, from ten to twenty-five cents per pound. All the heavy machinery used in crushing quartz has to be paid for by the pound at these enormous rates. The cost of getting a boiler over the plains will

vary from \$500 to \$1,200. A barrel of flour, for the last year, has cost from \$40 to \$60. Potatoes have sold, since I have been here, for thirty cents per pound, and oats for \$6.20 per bushel. Boarding costs from \$15 to \$20 per week. Now, all this would be changed at once if this railroad were completed. Labor is quite three times as dear as it would be with the price of living reduced to any thing like the rates existing in the States. With the present rates of labor, gold-bearing quartz must yield \$30 to the ton in order to pay for working. That is to say, it now costs \$30 to get the gold out of a ton of quartz. But let the price of labor be reduced to one-third what it now is, which would be the case if all articles of living were correspondingly reduced, and this gold could be obtained for \$10, and leave a profit of \$20 to the ton.

Many establishments that have had to suspend, their mills lying still because every dollar obtained from the quartz cost more than a dollar, would now be in successful operation. This gold must play an important part in the payment of the National debt. It is, therefore, good policy for the Government to facilitate, by every means, the development of these vast mining regions. This road has also become a military necessity. The Indian raids, that have destroyed millions

of property and many lives, and which are now costing the Government millions more, could readily be stopped if we had this road. Last, but by no means least, this road has come to be a religious, as well as a military and commercial necessity. Every department of enterprise wants it. The East, as well as the West, wants it. The whole world wants it. It will become the great highway of the nation. If there are honest men to be had—and there certainly are—let them be put in charge of this road. The whole nation will be immensely enriched by this mighty thoroughfare and its branches, and the mineral wealth which it will develop will astonish the world.

Having thus briefly stated what Colorado wants, I may also briefly state what she does *not* want. *She does not want the mining lands put up for sale to the highest bidder by the Government!*

DENVER, July 1, 1865.

III.

COLORADO—ITS MINERAL WEALTH.

TO a person in the East, who has no correct conceptions of facts as they are in relation to mining lands, the theory of selling out these lands seems very plausible. But I can not understand how any one can for a moment entertain such an opinion after becoming acquainted with the facts in the case. It is wonderful how ignorant we are of what is going on, and how it is going on, even in our own country. The mining portion of the country is equal in extent to twenty States as large as Ohio, and two hundred thousand persons are developing this region. Let us now see how it would work to farm out these lands by Government, and put them up at auction, fixing a minimum price on them.

There are several kinds of mining. The *placer* or *gulch* diggings, as they are called, are simply portions of earth in and about the streams that contain gold. This kind of mining does not last

long; the earth bearing gold either in small boulders, or in indefinitely small scales, is soon all dug up and washed, and the business in this form soon fails.

The only permanent mining for either gold or silver is the *load* or *lead* mining. A lead is a crevice in the rock, generally running in nearly a straight line through the mountain, and nearly in a vertical manner. But they are sometimes somewhat curved, and somewhat inclined from a perpendicular direction.

When there are several veins or crevices in the same mountain they generally run in the same direction, though not strictly parallel. Sometimes one lead intersects another, and sometimes two leads run together, and sometimes one is perpendicular to another. The presence of one lead is pretty good evidence that others are near, but how near no one can judge at all, only by the most patient and laborious *prospecting*; that is, searching for the crevice. These crevices vary in width from a few inches to several feet, and are filled with sulphurets of iron and copper, mixed with which are invisibly small particles of gold, which is extracted by crushing the rock in which it is found, and causing this crushed rock, in a state of solution, to pass over copper plates coated with quicksilver, and then driving off the

quicksilver by heat and saving the gold. These crevices containing the precious metals go down, it is supposed, to an indefinite depth, but almost all of them have what is called *cap* rock to contend with; that is, in digging down in the crevice the ore disappears and all is solid rock. This rock is called *cap* rock, and may be a hundred feet deep before reaching the vein, and it often happens that the vein is never reached again. To open a lead sufficiently to determine whether or not it is going to be a permanently good thing, and to erect the necessary machinery to test the matter fairly, involves an expense of from \$25,000 to \$100,000. To find, and open, and test the mine involves a vast amount of labor, and expense, and danger, and suffering, that persons at a distance have no conception of.

Now, suppose Government goes to surveying out these lands into lots for the purpose of putting them into market. The first half acre of land may be worth a million of dollars; the next thousand acres may not be worth one cent, and all the surveyors and all the geologists in the world can not tell which is the worthless and which the good land, only by just such a system of prospecting as the hardy miners have adopted. Digging, and not compass, and chain, or geology can determine, after one lead is found, whether

there is another in five miles or not. And no one who knows any thing of what he is about will buy a lot for mining purposes without knowing whether there is any gold in it or not. The chances would be ten thousand to one that his lot is not worth a farthing ; for these lands, away up the sides of the Rocky Mountains, that do not contain gold, of course are not worth any thing at all.

Now, what is the Government to do? Let the hardy miners go on through snow and storm, exposed to the terrors of wild beasts and savages, enduring hardships that are unknown to any other pursuit, and then put up the result of their discoveries at auction, and give the profits to him who can outbid them? Would this be just, and will the miners continue to prospect with such a contingency hanging over them? This would drive away all miners and all practical and honest men out of the mining regions.

What, then, shall Government do? Shall it undertake to do this prospecting in order to know what mines are profitable and what are not? This work, to be done by Government, would require an army of two hundred thousand men, who thus employed and paid, without regard to success in prospecting, would not be one-fourth part as efficient as men who voluntarily undertake

it in hopes of great gain, and yet would cost a sum annually equal to the expenses of our late terrible war. Let any man come and look for himself and see the results already of impracticable theorists, and he will never more talk of the United States Government going off on a parcel of pack mules prospecting for gold in order to sell the mining lands. The whole thing is utterly impracticable, and the men who urge it must do so in entire ignorance of the nature of the case.

Instead of this let the Government exert itself to build the Pacific Railroad. Let its *prospecting* be the *prospect* of the speedy completion of this great National work, and let the hardy and heroic miner enjoy the fruits of his hard-earned discoveries. Let the profits of gold and silver mining be ten times as great as they now are—for this would be the sure result of speedily finishing this road—and there would be such activity in this vast mining region as the world has never seen. Then a small income-tax would operate equally on all engaged in mining, or as nearly so as taxation usually does. The man or the firm that is making money rapidly can and ought to pay a reasonable tax to Government for being allowed thus to grow rich, and for being thus protected. The mine that is the richest would then yield the most revenue to the Government,

and the mine that is worth nothing, of course, will yield nothing to the Government, or to any one else.

This is the way the subject is looked upon here among practical men and miners, and I am satisfied they are right, and the more Congress takes pains to understand the practical workings of the whole mining system, the slower it will be to execute laws for the sake of revenue that will drive away all the practical men of the mining region. Let the Pacific Railroad be built, and with the stimulus which this road and its branches reaching into all this vast region would give, it will not be long before the Rocky Mountains will pour out \$500,000,000 of treasure annually.

Mining, like all other kinds of business, has to be learned, and there never was a greater mistake than for a man to think he already knows, by intuition, what other men as wise as he have learned only by patient study and long experience. The miners have learned a thousand things that never would have suggested themselves to men in other business, and they are entitled to be heard patiently on a subject vital to their interests and to the credit of the Government. The mining region is to be congratulated on securing the services in the United States Senate of Hon. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada.

He is a practical man, and comprehends the whole question, and I predict that the Senate of the United States will yet adopt his views on the subject. So the Territory of Colorado is peculiarly fortunate in having as Chief Magistrate such a man as Governor Evans. If the whole Territory were his own private property, he could not watch over its interests with a more lively concern. To him and Senator Stewart the mining region owes a lasting debt of gratitude for their indefatigable efforts to prevent what would, in my humble judgment, have been not only a great National blunder, but a great National disaster.

My only reason for writing as I have, and on a subject different from what is usual for me, is my interest in this rising Western Territory, as well as an interest in the welfare of our common country.

DENVER, *July 5, 1865.*

IV.

VISIT TO SALT LAKE CITY.

ONE hardly feels that he has made a good trip to the Pacific coast, in these latter days, without looking in on Salt Lake City, the city of the Latter-Day Saints. It is thirty miles off from the railroad. This is a pity, and will be felt to be more and more so, I think, in time to come. The railroad should have run directly through the place. But taking things as we found them, we stopped at the station, commonly known as Deseret, and then took passage by coach for the famed city. It is situated on the south-east side of Salt Lake, and about twelve miles distant. Most of the distance from the railroad station to the city is along the eastern side of the lake, through a charming and well-cultivated valley. Salt Lake is eighty miles long, forty or fifty miles wide, and four thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. So intensely salt is the water that no animal can live

in it. It is to all intents and purposes the Dead Sea of America. In the midst of this salt sea rises an island constituting a mountain several thousands of feet in height, abounding in springs and streams of fresh water. Many cattle are kept Summer and Winter upon this mountain island. Three considerable rivers, besides great numbers of small streams, are constantly flowing into this lake, and yet it has no outlet. On the south, at the distance of forty miles, is a beautiful lake of pure fresh water, perhaps three times as large as Chautauqua Lake in New York. The outlet of this lake forms the river Jordan, and empties into the dead sea already named. This Jordan abounds in fine trout, as does also the lake (Utah) from which it flows.

As to the natural scenery, the site of Salt Lake City is one of the finest to be found in the world. On the east and south and west it is surrounded with lofty snow-capped mountains. To the north and north-west stretches away the Salt Lake Valley. The soil is very rich, producing every variety of grass and grain in great abundance. I never saw finer corn and wheat than this country produces. It has heretofore been the invariable practice to irrigate the soil by employing the mountain streams, but the steady increase of rain as the country has been cultivated

encourages the hope that soon artificial irrigation may be dispensed with altogether. And this remark applies both to Colorado and California, the great wheat crops of the latter country being now produced without irrigation.

Salt Lake City is regularly laid out, and is about four miles from north to south, and about three from east to west. It is laid off in blocks of ten acres each, and each block subdivided into eight lots, so that an ordinary building lot contains one acre and a quarter. Mr. Townsend, proprietor of the hotel bearing his name, informed me that he had known a hundred bushels of wheat to be grown on one of these town lots. Their large size affords room for abundance of fruit and garden vegetables. The streets are very wide, and planted with trees, and on either side of every street is a stream of pure cold water. This is one of the most attractive features of the city. This water is formed by the melting snow, and is fit to drink just as it runs along the side of the wide street. This arrangement gives the city a rural and very attractive appearance. The houses are nearly all of unburned brick. This brick is made of tough clay, and when thoroughly dried in the sun, is strong enough for houses of two stories. When more than two stories are required, the upper story is

generally of wood. Lumber is scarce in all this country, being confined to the mountains and of an inferior quality. This remark applies to all the timber in the Rocky Mountains, and to all the mountain region east of the Sierra Nevada. This latter range is an exception, producing the largest and best pine to be found on the face of the globe. Granite of an excellent quality and also sand-stone are obtained in the mountains. The foundations of the temple are of the former; the town hall and some other public buildings are of the latter. The tabernacle is one of the sights of the city, and at a little distance resembles a huge sea turtle. It rests on stone pillars, is elliptical in form, and will hold twelve thousand people. By reason of its enormous length and breadth, it has a squatty appearance, yet it is eighty feet high. In this tabernacle the Mormons hold their religious services, and expect to do so even after the temple shall be built. The latter is to be used for a place of baptism and other ceremonies of the Church, but not as a place for preaching.

In the tabernacle they are now constructing an organ at a cost of *one hundred thousand dollars*. It will rank among the great organs of the world. The foundations of the new temple are on a scale to vie with the great cathedrals of Europe. But

I venture the opinion that its completion is a good way off. The theater is one of the notable buildings of the city. The first two stories are of unburned clay and the third of wood. Brigham Young owns this, and encourages theater going, and must derive a large revenue from the business.

Brigham's quarters are very extensive, and surrounded by a strong stone wall ten feet high. He owns a great amount of property, is president of the branch railroad in prospect between the city and the main trunk. Nobody but Brigham knows how many wives he has, and he won't tell.

Salt Lake City is the only place west of Kansas which I have seen where the weather is hot and sultry at night. Generally in all the West, from Colorado to the Pacific, as soon as the sun goes down, the weather is cool. Salt Lake City, in this respect, is more like the climate of Cincinnati.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *July*, 1869.

V.

MORMONISM AS A RELIGION.

IN the previous letter I furnished some information as to the external and secular condition of Mormondom. I propose in this to give the reader some idea of the present religion of the Latter-Day Saints.

1. They claim that the Book of Mormon and the teachings of their prophets are as much the inspiration of God as the Old and New Testament, and entitled to equal authority. With what candor on the part of intelligent Mormons, and with what intelligence on the part of others, these claims are put forth, it is easy to see when we remember that the Book of Mormon is well known to be a base fraud and a forgery on the part of Joe Smith and others. That the real author was one Spaulding, that the book was written for a religious novel, and got hold of by Smith after the author was dead, and palmed off on the world as a revelation—all this has been

proved again and again, and can still be proved by men now living. But the ignorant masses of Mormons, gathered for the most part from foreign countries, and the ignorant native converts, are not allowed access to this information.

2 Believing that Brigham Young is God's vicegerent on the earth, and that he acts under the inspiration of Almighty God, the ignorant dupes of Mormonism are under his absolute control. Perhaps no monarch on earth has more power among his subjects than Brigham among his.

3. Polygamy is so incorporated into their system that females are taught that they can not be saved unless they have husbands. When we remember what a large number of their proselytes are women, it will be seen how ingeniously this has been revealed.

4. The Mormons teach, shocking as it may appear, that Jesus Christ himself was a polygamist, and when one wife revolts at the prospect of another under the roof, she is plied with the argument, that Christ's example as a polygamist must be obeyed. Brigham Young is himself especially zealous on this question.

The city of Salt Lake, composed of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is divided into twenty wards. Each ward has a separate school-

house and its church, and a majority of the wards at least have a resident bishop. Once at least on each Sabbath all meet together in the tabernacle for worship, and a sacrament of bread and water is administered during the entire period of religious service. That is to say, while the preacher is discoursing, the bread and water are being passed through the congregation. The preaching consists of harangues on all political and secular subjects. They dwell with great satisfaction on their temporal prosperity, and have much to say about the persecutions which led them to settle in their present locality. They take no text in preaching, but discourse about keeping up fences, the cultivation of the soil, the kind of houses to live in, the best way to get along independently of the Gentiles, etc., claiming that all secular business is proper for pulpit business.

On the Fourth of July, it being Sabbath, I preached in the tabernacle. After the discourse, Brigham arose and indorsed all that had been said, only claiming that the Mormons went further than the Gentiles in their belief. And this became very evident before he got through with his remarks. The discourse had endeavored to explain the nature of the kingdom of God. He began by saying if we should get to the kingdom of God at last, we should be in the bosom

of Abraham, a polygamist. This remark was greeted with expressions of approval by the leading Mormons, who always occupy the stand with the speaker. From this he went on to enlarge upon the subject of polygamy, as a means of allowing disembodied spirits to have a tabernacle of flesh. He quoted, or professed to quote, a remark of H. W. Beecher, that it was the greatest calamity that could befall a person to be born in the flesh. He, on the contrary, affirmed in opposition, that it was the greatest of all possible blessings for pre-existent souls to be born in the flesh, and declared that so anxious were they to be born that they thronged all *brothels*, willing and even anxious to take their chances of a fleshy tabernacle even in this manner. All spirits born into this world he declared to be as pure as purity itself, and in this connection addressed the sisters in language which it would not be proper for me here to repeat.

He then proceeded to argue that Jesus Christ was a polygamist. What the Scriptures affirmed of his seed could not be true without this conclusion. He further argued that he was a polygamist, from the fact that he was very fond of women, and kept so many about him. The doctrines of Brigham on this subject, and the manner and spirit in which he presented them,

betrayed a depth of sensual depravity utterly astounding to the Gentile portion of the congregation.

In order to live within themselves and compel the Gentiles to leave the country, the Mormons have formed what they call "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association," and "Zion's Co-operative Banking Association," etc. And they make it a crime not to patronize these associations. Brigham, in a sermon which the Mormons have printed and circulated extensively, dwells at great length on the necessity of trading alone with these institutions, and declares any Mormon a big fool that trades with the Gentiles. These co-operative associations are printed on the signs of these establishments, so that no Mormon need mistake. The sign reads thus :

Holiness to the Lord.



ZION'S CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION.

VI.

THE PACIFIC COAST—OREGON.

THIS is the third time I have visited the Pacific Coast, and each time with increasing admiration. It is wonderful what a country God has given us. If we are not the wisest, the wealthiest, and the best people in the world, it will not be for lack of natural or gracious advantages. The Pacific Coast alone affords nearly every variety of climate and production known to man. In the extreme north it is cool and wet the year round near the sea-coast, and, of course, extremely cold far inland and up the high mountain-sides. Yet, even in Alaska, there are rich treasures of fish, of gold and silver, of fur, and of ice. I have always been glad we purchased this territory of Russia, and shall be glad when we own the intervening strip between here and there. It is of vastly more importance to the United States than to any other people.

Washington Territory is a cool, moist country,

like England, with Winters less severe. It is a country as yet but little developed, the whole Territory containing but a few thousands of white people. It is capable of becoming an excellent grazing country, and produces very good wheat. But it wants population. It has an immense supply of valuable timber.

Oregon is a connecting link, in climate, between Washington Territory and California, or between that of England and Palestine. A much larger portion of the country is mountainous than is generally understood in the East, but these mountains are probably rich in the precious metals. The Columbia River, which divides the lower part of the State from Washington Territory, is one of the most beautiful streams in the world. It is as large as the St. Lawrence, and more resembles it than any other river I have seen. For a hundred miles above the mouth it abounds in beautiful islands; then it breaks through the great Cascade Range of mountains, and exhibits some of the most wild and romantic scenery anywhere to be found. At the Cascades, something more than a hundred miles above Portland, it is as if the whole river were set up on edge, and descending at a fearful rate down a rapidly inclined plane, foaming, and seething, and whirling along through rent rocks.

This river affords an unlimited supply of the finest salmon in the world. The numbers that pass up in the Spring, and from the Columbia into its tributaries, is almost incredible. The streams, at such times, are literally full of these choice fish. At Astoria, at the mouth of the river, as well as at numbers of other places, there are extensive establishments for *canning salmon*. The flesh is taken from the bones and put up in cans, after the manner of canning fruit, and in this condition sent to New York and other cities of the United States. The vessel on which I came down took on more than twenty tons of these canned salmon, besides a great number of barrels of salt fish.

The Willamette Valley is the great agricultural portion of the State. This valley is one hundred and fifty miles long, and perhaps, on an average, thirty or forty wide, and very rich. It will probably yield more wheat to the acre than any other State of the Union, except California and some portions of Utah. Oregon is also a remarkable fine country for grazing. I saw the largest cattle here that I have ever seen anywhere. Unlike California, timothy and white clover do well in this country. Apples, plums, pears, cherries, and the smaller fruits do remarkably well in Oregon. Apples grow larger here

than in any other part of the world, so far as I have ever heard.

The supply of timber for fencing, building, and fuel is very abundant. In some portions of the Wallamette Valley the amount of timber growing on the ground is perfectly amazing. The great burden of this timber here, as all over the Pacific Coast, and in the Rocky Mountains also, is resinous evergreen. Most of it is fir of the white and red species, the red being the best. Some of these trees are eight feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high, and remarkably straight and symmetrical. Already an extensive trade in timber has sprung up between Oregon and China and Japan. This is to be, undoubtedly, a source of wealth to the State.

The great want of Oregon, however, is *men*, a want which would not remain so palpable as at present if its value were better known. Thousands of honest Scandinavians, and Scotchmen, and Germans, who have all they can do at home to keep alive, would in a very short time acquire a competency here.

Farms are too large. In other words, farmers undertake to cultivate too much land. There was a time when the State gave a whole section of six hundred and forty acres to every man who would settle on it. Then men who had a little

capital to spare bought more land than they knew what to do with, and yet hold it too high for ready sale. Men who have come to the Pacific Coast have generally come to California first, and the result has been California has all along had the advantage of Oregon as to population. The people of Oregon are not so fast as those of California; there is not so large a portion of New England, New York, and Ohio people. A man who wants a mild climate, free from extreme of heat and cold, a quiet, orderly people to live among, with a fertile soil, good water, plenty of timber, rainy Winters, fine fields of wheat, abundant fruit, and large cattle and horses, would do well to look at Oregon.

The people are confidently expecting the Northern Pacific Railroad to come through their country and open them out to the East, as California has been opened. They claim that this route is free from the deep snows of the Sierras. The irrepressible Chinamen are spreading over the State. When I arrived in Portland a large ship from Hong Kong was lying at the dock. I wish I could impress every body that this China problem is a tremendous problem for the American people, especially for the American Churches.

VII.

THE PACIFIC COAST—HOW IT LOOKS.

OF a man whom we have never seen, and about whom we are anxious to learn, three inquiries naturally arise in our minds. We mentally ask ourselves: 1. "How does he look?" 2. "How does he act?" 3. "What does he accomplish?"

Similar inquiries arise in regard to a country which we have never seen, but about which we are desirous of learning: "How does it look?" "How does it act?" "What does it produce?" It shall be my design to answer these questions briefly for such of my readers as may not have seen this country, and yet are desirous of learning about it.

First then, as to appearance, the Pacific Coast is unlike any thing in the Eastern country. No tree or shrub or plant is the same as on the Atlantic Slope, except it may have been brought from there. Even trees of the same general

species are different. So are land animals, and so are birds and fishes. The surface of the country is different. The valleys are wider, the mountains are higher and more numerous. The valleys are destitute of timber, except varieties of oak with short trunks and wide-spreading branches, many of them being evergreen. The mountains up to the snow line are covered with resinous fir-trees of different varieties, some of them being the largest of all known vegetable growths.

There are three great ranges of mountains belonging to the Pacific Coast: The Coast Range, the Sierra, and the Cascade. The Coast Range conforms to the contour of the sea, extending all the way from Panama to Alaska. Within the tropics this range is covered to the very clouds with the most gorgeous vegetation. In this range are situated the *Geysers*, a locality which will more strongly remind one of a bad place we read of than any other place he has ever seen. After a fatiguing and dangerous journey over the tops of ranges of mountains more grand and terrible than any thing ever seen on the Atlantic Slope, we reach what is called the Devil's Cañon. This is approached by a rapid and dangerous descent. This cañon is a deep gorge in the mountains. As you enter it, the temperature immediately

rises to an oppressive heat, and a strong smell of brimstone gives you a hint of the origin of the name. You advance, and on either hand are pools of boiling water, some as black as ink, and some transparent, and others a greenish color. You must be careful or you will spoil your shoes in the hot copperas and sulphur water. As you advance you observe hundreds of outlets in the sides of the gorge where jets of sulphurous vapor are escaping, and crystals of brimstone are forming chimneys round these hissing orifices. The ground underneath you is hollow and rumbling; screeching, growling, screaming noises greet your ears from below. You still advance up the Cañon, and come to a place where steam is escaping from an orifice in the rock with a terrific scream, and as you look around you multitudes of smaller orifices are giving vent to steam and vapor. Thus you wind around up the Cañon for half a mile or more until, clinging to the sides of cragged rocks, you have got above the seething mass, not sorry you have seen it for once, but perfectly satisfied to bid it adieu forever. It is in this same Coast Range that the great red wood—not the big trees—of California grows, a timber used for finishing as we use pine, but more nearly the color of red cedar. The lower portions of this range produce abundant grass and

wild oats, affording the best possible pasture for cattle and sheep.

About one hundred and fifty miles back of the Coast Range is the great Sierra Nevada range of mountains. This is the snowy range. The snow falls here ten to fifteen feet deep and drifts to enormous depths. Sheds have been erected, to protect the railroad, extending for thirty miles. These sheds almost entirely shut out the splendid views that would otherwise be had in riding over the Sierras. In this range the sugar-pine and the big trees grow. In this range is the Yosemite Valley and Falls, one of the wildest places on earth. Here, as well as in the Coast Range, grizzly bears dispute sovereignty with hardy miners to the very snow line. In these mountains are lakes found, many miles in length and breadth, whose waters are higher than the top of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. Here also are rich mines of gold and silver. The Great Cascade Range may be said to commence with Mt. Shasta in the north of California and extend northerly through Alaska. This is in some respects the grandest of all the ranges I have described, and it has this peculiarity, that once in about seventy or one hundred miles there rises a vast towering mountain sentinel, covered with perpetual snow. The sight of this range from a

position a little west of Portland, in Oregon, is grand and imposing beyond description. Turning your face eastward, there is directly before you Mt. Hood, estimated to be over seventeen thousand feet high. Then to the right and left of this are similar mountain sentinels, extending south to California, and on the north of the Columbia, others extending through Washington Territory. These mountains are higher than the Alps, and on a scale of magnitude that would allow of all Switzerland being put in or put out without its being noticed or missed.

I have not mentioned the Rocky Mountains in this connection because they do not belong to the Pacific Coast. These, however, are not inferior in grand proportions to the Sierras or the Cascades. Standing at Denver, in Colorado, with your face westward, you have on your left Pike's Peak, a mountain rising into the region of eternal snow, at a distance of seventy miles. At your right another snow-capped mountain, Long's Peak, rises at seventy miles distance. Now from one of these mountains to the other a snow-capped range of semicircular mountains extends, forming an amphitheater of one hundred and forty miles in diameter.

The Great Sacramento Valley is four hundred or five hundred miles long. The San Joaquin

about the same length, with numerous other smaller valleys in California. The Columbia River, in Oregon, is as large as the St. Lawrence, and is every way as fine a sheet of water, abounding in salmon of the finest quality.

The appearance of the Pacific Coast, in the central portion of it, is somewhat dry and scorched in Summer, but not nearly so desolate, even then, as the Eastern country looks in Winter, while in the Winter months it is as green and beautiful as any part of New England in the month of June.

The Columbia River, at its mouth and for a hundred miles up the stream, is full of beautiful islands. Further up the stream the river breaks through the Great Cascade Range, and affords some of the most grand and imposing scenery anywhere to be found. At the Dalles, still further up, it is as if the entire river were set up on edge, and were hurrying down an inclined plane in that flight through reft rocks, whirling, foaming, seething, and dashing at a fearful rate. Such in part, very imperfectly, is how the Pacific Coast looks

VIII.

THE PACIFIC COAST—ITS CLIMATE AND THE RESULTS.

THE peculiar climate of the Pacific Coast is one of its marked features. It will doubtless seem strange to people in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania to be told that in the United States, and in the same latitude with themselves, there is a country of great extent, where it never rains in Summer, and never snows in Winter. Washington Territory is cool and moist, like England, but much warmer in Winter, and perhaps more rainy. Oregon has more nearly the temperature of the Eastern States, except that there is more rain in Winter and less in Summer, and no cold weather in Winter as the Atlantic States would reckon cold weather. In the southern half of Oregon the climate begins to merge into that of California. However, as high up as Portland roses bloom all Winter in the open air, and I have

seen, a little further south in this State, a flowering plant in the gardens that never ceases to be covered with beautiful blossoms.

California has the climate of Palestine, except it is warmer in the Winter, and the extremes of heat and cold are less. There is here no snow in the Winter, except on the high mountains, nor any rain in Summer, for five or six months together. The dust, as may be well imagined, from so long a drought, is one of the troubles of California. What will seem very strange to the Eastern people is that the Winter, such as it is, occurs during the Summer months. After the last rains in April or May have ceased the grapes and wild oats, which have grown during the Winter, begin to ripen and dry, and finally become excellent hay, sweet and nutritious, standing on the ground. These grasses die, roots and all, and their seeds, in a kind of burr, fall on the ground. To look over the country at this season of the year, when every thing is dry and scorched, one would think all cattle kind would starve, but when he sees the cattle he finds them fat. The grasses of California, unlike ours in the Eastern States, are reproduced from the seed every year, and form no sward or sod, as in our climate. Being baked for five or six months effectually extinguishes life.

In the mean time the ground has become dry and parched, and in many places checkered by cracks, into which quantities of the seed of the grass and wild oats have fallen. Here in the dry ground the seed is preserved as carefully as need be during the dry season. When the Fall rains commence, in November, these seeds sprout immediately, and grow rapidly through the Winter, affording abundance of the finest pasture, and clothing all the hills and valleys with green verdure, as in June in the Eastern country. Thus all grazing animals subsist on fresh grass during Winter, and on dry hay through the Summer, and are generally in good condition the year round. Getting no backset during the Winter, but growing right on in their fresh pastures, young cattle of two or three years old are more forward in their growth by a year than with us. As might be easily imagined, stock-raising is much more easily accomplished on all the Pacific Coast than in the East, and both beef and mutton are of a finer quality. It is thus seen that November or December is really the Spring of the year in California. In Winter rains and bright sunshine continually alternate in agreeable succession. There are no sleety, driving storms, as in the East, and this condition of the climate, together with

the fact that there are no thunder-storms, renders California a fine country for the culture of silk.

There are no sultry nights, as in the East; although, in the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, the weather gets very warm during the day, yet as soon as the sun is down it is cool and pleasant, and one needs a good thick woolen blanket for covering at night. California, as well as the coast generally, is a fine country for refreshing sleep.

It may surprise some of your readers to be told that at San Francisco the difference in the average monthly temperature between the warmest and coldest month in the year is but nine degrees, a fact scarcely having a parallel in the Temperate Zone. The reason of this remarkable uniformity in climate is that during the Summer months a cool north-westerly wind prevails, and during Winter a warm south-westerly wind blows, the one modifying the heat of Summer, and the other tempering the cold of Winter. The winds are not fitful, as in the East, but blow from one direction for months together, and steadily. On this account wind-mills are much in use as a motive power, particularly for raising water for purposes of irrigation. In the Santa Clara Valley, a valley surrounded mostly by high hills, are

great numbers of artesian wells. Some of those pour out water enough to turn a mill.

There is a tendency in all this country, as well as in Colorado and Utah, to more rain. The cultivation of the soil and the planting of trees has in all ages produced this result. While the seasons will always be essentially different from those on the Atlantic Slope, the dry season is becoming shorter, and there is less and less necessity to resort to irrigation. In the growth of wheat it is wholly dispensed with, as the growth is principally in the Winter and early Spring. Several kinds of fruit are now matured without any artificial watering.

The climate is favorable to some maladies of our nature, and injurious to others. For general debility and consumptive habits often great benefits are experienced, but persons affected with heart diseases, or neuralgia, or brain affections had better stay away. A person coming to California needs a sound intellect, a good heart, and steady nerves.

IX.

THE PACIFIC COAST—ITS PRODUCTIONS

IT is unnecessary to say that California, as well as the other Pacific States, produces gold. This, at first, was the great staple, so far as California is concerned. It is so no longer. For the present, and for generations to come, wheat will be the great staple product of California. The quantity produced this year and awaiting shipment is astonishing. Already the wheat of California goes to Europe, to the Eastern States, to Japan, and China, and Chili. And I do not think I am extravagant in saying that the State of California alone, if fully developed, can produce grain enough to subsist the present population of the United States. California wheat, besides yielding about twice as much to the acre as grain in the East, is of a superior quality also. The same may be said of the quality of wheat produced in Oregon, and of the quantity per acre; but the portion of the State

adapted to wheat culture is not one-fifth as large as that of California.

Los Angeles Valley, a region hitherto but little settled by English-speaking people, is beginning to develop a fine corn country, equaling in quantity and quality any thing in the Western and South-western States.

For nearly all kinds of garden vegetables the climate of the Pacific coast is remarkably well adapted. Potatoes grow much larger than in the East. Beets are sometimes grown weighing a hundred pounds and over, and I myself saw a squash weighing two hundred and nineteen pounds. Cabbage attains an astonishing size, and so do onions. Celery is the finest I have ever seen. The quality of the potato is better in Oregon than in California.

On the subject of fruits an Eastern man may be excused for not believing the whole truth until he sees for himself. Oregon excels the world in apples, and is ready, and I think with reason, to claim the same for plums. In pears it is hard to say whether Oregon or California excels. But in peaches, apricots, prunes, nectarines, figs, pomegranates, olives, oranges, and lemons, and most luscious pears it is perfectly wonderful what California can produce. I have seen grapes that in every particular could challenge compar-

ison with the far-famed clusters of Eschol. I have seen plums four times as large as the same varieties grow in the East; and every variety of grapes and plums that I ever heard of, and many varieties that I never did hear of until coming here, are produced in the greatest abundance and perfection. I have seen pears here, I am sure, three times as large as I ever saw them in the Atlantic States, and the quality of the same kind of pear is finer here than there. At the Catholic Mission in Santa Clara there are pear-trees that have been bearing for seventy years, and have attained the height and size of pretty fair forest trees. The immense old trees are still loaded with luscious fruit. The most choice of all these fruits can not be removed to the Atlantic States in their natural condition. Pears will bear a longer journey than peaches, or plums, or apricots, or nectarines. Figs can be moved only after being dried; but owing to the remarkably dry climate of California these fruits can be dried by simply slicing them thin and placing them upon clean boards. This is all the attention they need. There is no dew at the season of the year for drying fruit, and it is not necessary, therefore, to take the fruit in at night, or pay any attention to it after it is placed upon the boards until it is dry. In this condition it can be taken

to the Atlantic States and possibly to other parts of the world.

Silk culture is attracting much attention in California; the peculiar climate being found to have exactly the requisites for success. Already considerable silk is produced, and all experiments of the kind result more and more favorably.

The timber of the Pacific coast is almost wholly confined to the mountains. This is true all the way from Colorado to the Pacific Ocean. There is, however, some magnificent timber in the Wallamette Valley, in Oregon, and Oregon, as a whole, is better timbered than California.

In the great valleys of California the various species of oak, among which is the live oak, in some places make a remarkably fine appearance, reminding one of old overgrown orchards. These trees have roots running to a great depth in the ground, and wheat grows as well if not a little better than anywhere else under their wide-spreading branches. The red-wood of the Coast Range has hitherto been the most valuable timber for finishing purposes. It is a splendid tree, two hundred and fifty feet high, fifteen feet in diameter, and remarkably symmetrical.

The sugar pine, of the Sierra Nevada Range, stands at the head of all pines for size and beauty. It attains a height of three hundred

feet, a diameter of twenty feet, bears a cone three or four inches in diameter and eighteen inches long, having in it seeds as large as red-eyed beans.

But no description of the trees of California would be complete which leaves out the *big trees*, as they are technically called. These are of a light, bright cinnamon color, having a diameter at the ground of from twenty-five to forty feet, and a height from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet, and bark from one to two feet in thickness. The color of the foliage is of a light, bright green, more resembling the cedar than the pine. They bear a cone not more than an inch and a half in length, and a black pitch as bitter as aloes. One of these trees will make more than a thousand cords of four-foot wood, and has a hundred cords of bark. There are old trees lying on the ground on which a stage-coach with four horses could easily be driven for two hundred feet. One of these trees only has been felled by man. This was done by means of immense augers. It took five men twenty-two days to fell the tree. On the stump of this tree stands a round house thirty feet in diameter. It will give some idea of the size of the stump to say that the house on it contains room enough in square feet (though not of just the proper shape,

being round) for a parlor twelve by sixteen, and a dining-room ten by fifteen, and a kitchen ten by twelve, and two bedrooms ten feet square each, and a pantry four by eight feet, and two clothes-presses one and a half feet deep and four feet wide, and still have one square foot to spare.

X.

WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

IF any thing I can say in the newspapers will induce the American people to become better acquainted with our own country, instead of going abroad for sights every way inferior to those to be seen at home, my scribbling will have done some good. With the extent, variety, and resources of our country many of our own people are as ignorant as of countries on the opposite side of the globe. We have the climates of England, Ireland, Lapland, France, Italy, and Palestine, all in the United States. We have territory enough to give every family on earth a farm. We have agricultural wealth enough to supply every human being with food. We have mineral wealth enough to give every body a fair supply of gold, silver, iron, and coal. The single State of California can easily supply the present population of the United States with both food and money.

Why should we not get acquainted with our own wonderful country before going abroad? I have now been three times to the Pacific Coast, and each time my wonder and admiration have increased; and if I were now in the east again, and had leisure and means to travel, I would go again for the fourth time to our wonderful western frontier, before traveling in European lands.

Why should we go to Italy to spend the Winter? In California there are finer Winters than in Italy. Why should we go to Switzerland to see grand mountains? We have finer mountains in the United States than any in Switzerland. But you say the historic associations of those countries lend a charm to the traveler. But here we are *making* history. Look at the great Union Pacific Railroad, climbing over the Rocky Mountains, traversing the alkaline plains of Utah and Nevada, and ascending the awful Sierras. Ride in a palace across a continent three thousand miles wide, all in our own country; ride on a railroad that has changed the Orient into the Occident, and made China, India, and Japan Western, instead of Eastern nations; ride on a pasture-field larger than England, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, all put together; ride over a mining region twenty times as large as the great State of New York;

ride through the American Palestine, in all respects superior to the original, on a larger scale, more luxuriant, and having, beyond all comparison, a grander future ; ride through the land of figs, pomegranates, olives, almonds, grapes, lemons, and oranges, not surpassed on the globe ; ride through the land of pears, plums, and prunes, unequaled on earth ; ride through a land producing cedars fifty times as large as the finest that ever grew on Lebanon ; ride over plains where ten thousand buffaloes feed in a single herd ; ride where you may see both wild and tame cattle upon a thousand hills. Go and see falls more than ten times as high as Niagara ; go and see lakes four thousand feet higher than the top of the White Mountain ; see other lakes sunk like wells half a mile below the surface of the surrounding shore, the descent being perpendicular on all sides. Travel where roses bloom every month in the year, in the open air, and where you can gather ripe strawberries from the open fields in December and January, and remember you are all the time in the United States.

It will pay for a trip to the Pacific Coast to see the great wheat crop in the great valleys of the Sacramento, and San Joaquin, and Santa Clara. Thousands of cords of sacks full of grain awaiting shipment will greet the eye of the trav-

eler in these valleys. There is no such a country for wheat anywhere else in the United States as California ; and no country in the world that equals it for the quantity, quality, and variety of its fruits and vegetables. Fresh garden vegetables last the entire year round. Come and see it, and get acquainted with your own country. It is time that men of sense combine to put a stop to the foolish notion, that nothing is worth having or seeing that is not far away and difficult to be enjoyed. Yet this foolish notion is carried through all human affairs, not excepting even the salvation of the soul. Men despise what is within easy reach, and would ascend up to heaven to bring Christ down, or descend into the deep to bring him up, instead of believing in a present Savior.

There is not a single doubt that God has given us the goodliest heritage under the heavens, and he expects us to appreciate it and perpetuate it from generation to generation. But how shall we appreciate it, without we get acquainted with it, and how shall we become acquainted with it, unless we see it, or avail ourselves of the information of those who have seen and described it? It is lamentable how much ignorance there is among us as to the character of our own country. Do my readers know that we have in California

a nation of pagan idolaters? that there are two heathen temples in San Francisco? that there are whole streets in that city as much China as China itself? Do they know that colonies of Japanese are already on our shores cultivating tea and silk? Do they know that trees grow in California that will make more than a thousand cords of four feet wood to the tree? Do they know that there are trees growing here older than the Christian era? Do they know that there is in California a house standing on the stump of a tree that has been felled, having room enough in it for a parlor twelve by sixteen feet, and a dining room ten by fifteen feet, and a kitchen ten by twelve feet, and two bed-rooms ten by ten feet each, and a pantry four by eight feet, and a clothes-press two by six feet? Do they know that squashes grow weighing over two hundred pounds, and beets weighing over one hundred pounds, and cabbages, and potatoes, and onions to match? Then let them give up their European trips and come and see.

XI.

SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA.

A TWO-MONTHS' tour in "our own native land" will afford the traveler more variety, more beauty, more grandeur, more wealth in natural resources than he can find in double the time abroad, and yet it will cost him very much less. We have in our own country perpetual Winter, and perpetual Spring, and perpetual Summer. And sometimes these extremes alternate within very short distances.

Has it occurred to my readers that we have in the United States a country where Summer and Winter are reversed from what they are in the Atlantic States? California is practically such a country, though there is no snow in Winter, nor rain in Summer, as we reckon Summer and Winter in the East. In California the "latter rains" cease in April or May, and from that time for five or six months there is continuous dry weather. The grasses that have afforded fresh

pasture all Winter now become dry. Indeed, they become *hay*, well cured, sweet and nutritious, and through the Summer season the cattle subsist on dry food just as they do with us in Winter, with just this difference, that they gather their food themselves. The fields at this season of the year look dry and dreary, and a stranger wonders how cattle can subsist. But a sight of them reveals the fact that they are fat. The wild oats that abound in the foot hills afford an excellent article of food for herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and the grass produces a seed in a sort of burr, which falls off and is scattered on the ground and in the dust, yet the cattle lick it up and thrive upon it. Young stock get no backset in Winter as in the East, for they have subsisted on "green pastures" through the entire Winter months. A soaking rain during the Summer would be a dreadful calamity in this country. It would soak and destroy this hay composed of the dried grass and oats, and herds would starve to death. As it is, the beef of California and Oregon is, perhaps, the finest to be found anywhere. The grasses of this country do not, as in the East, form a sward and spring up from the root afresh each season, but they reproduce themselves from the seed anew every year. The reason for this must be apparent to every one on

a moment's reflection. If we were to take a sod of grass and put it into an oven and bake it for five or six months continuously we should not expect it to grow after that, no matter how much moisture might be applied. Now this is precisely what happens to the roots of grass every Summer. The ground becomes dry, and cracks into checkered furrows; the seed falls into these furrows, and is preserved as safely as if it were in the best granary in the world. The wild oats of California are thus reproduced from age to age as evenly sowed as any fields cultivated with ever so much care.

When the rainy season commences in November these seeds all suddenly sprout and spring into life, so that the Spring-time in California really commences in November or December. From this time gentle rains, with bright sunshine, alternate from day to day. There are no driving rain storms, no cold sleet, "no wintry winds," as in the East.

A north-west wind prevails during the Summer, and a south-west wind during the Winter. This keeps the temperature nearly the same the year round. There is a difference at San Francisco of but nine degrees between the average heat of the coldest and warmest months of the year. Wheat grows during the Winter and

ripens in early Summer, and is the great staple product of California. From San Francisco it radiates to New York, to Chili, to London, and Japan. The yield per acre is much larger than in the Eastern States, and the quality is better on an average than in the East. Owing to the dryness of the season when the wheat is harvested, it is put into bags as soon as threshed, and remains in the open field thus for two months or more until it can be taken to market. The amount of wheat at this moment awaiting shipment is enormous. I can not speak of it by bushels, or by hundreds of pounds. If estimated as we estimate wood, by the *cord*, it will amount to thousands of cords in different places along the line of railroads. A single farmer produces from one thousand to forty thousand bushels. Whether this enormous production can continue on the same ground from year to year seems hardly a doubtful question; but it is an American habit to get the most out of the present, regardless of the future. We shall ere long be compelled to learn a different lesson by dear experience.

XII.

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

NO description of a country can convey an adequate conception of its appearance any more than it will of a man. Still, we can learn whether a man is a large or small man, or black, or white, or red man, a benevolent or selfish man, etc., and such information may and does convey correct impressions as far as it goes. So a person, while failing to realize just how California looks, can understand well enough the meaning of fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or of a tree forty feet in diameter and four hundred feet high, or of a red beet that will weigh one hundred pounds, or of ripe strawberries in the open fields in January, etc. I will say, then, of California, it is a beautiful country to look upon. It has broader valleys, and higher mountains, and more majestic trees than any thing of the kind to be found in the Eastern country. Vegetation, where irrigation is not practiced, looks very dry and

scorched in the Summer, but not so desolate, by any means, as it does with us in the East in Winter, while during the Winter months every thing is as green in California as it is in June in the Eastern States; and the weather just about as warm. In fact, barring the cold weather, Winter and Summer are reversed on the Western coast, particularly in California. The real Spring commences with the Fall rains in November or December. Then all grasses and grains spring up from the seed, and grow vigorously through the Winter months. There are no snows in Winter, nor any rains in Summer. Cattle subsist upon dry food through the Summer months, and upon fresh pasture through the Winter; but in neither case is it necessary to cut hay for them. The grasses and wild oats which abound in California reproduce themselves from the seed every year, and after growing through the Winter and Spring dry up in Summer, and afford a sweet and nutritious hay, standing on the ground. Cattle, without any attention, keep fat the year round, and the beef of California is not excelled in any country. It is hard for a person here to keep the run of the seasons, for while "December is pleasant as May," it so much resembles June that, when the Winter is past, it seems only like a long Summer.

Persons who have become tired of the long winters or have experienced great relief here, do not mind people of a consumptive habit, and persons suffering from general debility. But it is not clear to people of nervous or nervous habits, unless it is their business or other afflictions, to go down coming to California but better look to it and see that he has a good brain, a good heart, and a well-organized nervous system.

Mining has already ceased to be the great business of the State. Not that the yield of gold has diminished so much as that agricultural products have wonderfully increased within the last five years. Quartz mining will undoubtedly be a regular and profitable business for ages to come, while placer mining will soon cease altogether. But the great expense necessary of bringing water to the placer mines is now turned to good account by the use made of this same water for purposes of irrigation. And it is found that the lower portions of the mountain regions yield their fruit, both as to quality and quantity, than the rich bottom lands.

There is no question any more that California is far ahead of any State in the Union as a wheat-producing country. The average yield is nearly if not quite double that of the Eastern States, while the quality is also superior. A person will

be amazed in traveling through the great valleys of California at the immense quantities of wheat waiting to be taken to San Francisco for shipment. He will see acres covered with crops of grain, like immense parks of trees, and at some of our railroad stations. And yet it is well and truthfully said that the State has not yet begun to be developed as a wheat-producing country.

I presume by this time some of my readers have had an opportunity of seeing some of the California fields for the purpose of this writing, short of seeing it and seeing it from a distance can convey any adequate idea of its abundance and excellence.

There is probably not such a fine market in earth today as San Francisco. It is a fact that even the most common articles of the market are not to be had here. The only way to convey the full value of a California product is through the great quantity of it which can be placed in every market as well as in all other markets.

There is a very great quantity of wheat in California which is not yet marketed. It is a fact that even the most common articles of the market are not to be had here. The only way to convey the full value of a California product is through the great quantity of it which can be placed in every market as well as in all other markets.

six or eight years. The most rare and beautiful flowers blossom all Winter in the open air. The fuchsia, which we with immense painstaking can make grow a few inches high, produces thrifty trunks nearly as large as your arm, and climbs on to the tops of houses. Geraniums make hedges that would turn cattle, all covered with beautiful flowers. The passion-flower will cover the house all over, producing thousands of the most charming blossoms that the eye ever looked upon. But my sheet is full, and I have hardly begun to describe California. Come and see it before you make a European trip.

XIII.

TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

AS already stated, *wheat* is the great staple of California, so far as grain is concerned. This remark applies to Northern and Central California, the portions to which English settlements have been, until recently, almost wholly confined. However, in Los Angeles Valley, and regions further south, to which population is now rapidly tending, corn, of a quality and quantity not surpassed in any part of the Union, is produced, as are also most of the staple tropical fruits. That portion of the State has a climate unsurpassed in the world for health and enjoyment. San Diego, in the south-west part of the State, is at present attracting much attention as the probable terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It has an excellent harbor, and bids fair to be to Southern California and Northern Mexico what San Francisco is to Central California and Nevada.

I have before spoken of the effect of the climate upon the grasses. Owing to the long continued drought of Summer, the only trees which naturally grow in the valleys, except the cypress on the border of the streams, are of a kind having remarkably deep roots, which drink up moisture from a great distance beneath the surface. These trees nearly all belong to some species of the oak. The live oak is a very common and very beautiful tree in these valleys. This is an evergreen, with a remarkably dense foliage. Many other varieties of oak, much resembling the live oak, with short trunks and very wide-spreading branches, may be seen in the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, resembling old overgrown orchards, and presenting a charming appearance. The trunks of these trees grow into the ground like a post, with scarcely any appearance of roots, so that the land can be plowed close to the trunks; and wheat is quite as good, perhaps a little better, under the enormous branches of these trees than elsewhere. None of these varieties of oak are worth any thing for timber, their only use being for fuel. All the valuable timber of the coast is in the mountains. In the coast range the great red-wood of California grows. The red-wood is a splendid tree, three or four times as large as

the largest pine ever found on the Atlantic slope. It is the timber used in California for finishing, and takes the place of our white pine in the east, though in color it more nearly resembles our pine after it has received one coat of red paint. This tree grows more than two hundred feet high, is very symmetrical and beautiful, and, with all other vegetation on the coast, has a tenacity of life never seen in the East. Every one at all acquainted with resinous evergreens in the eastern country knows that when a tree of this timber is once cut down that is the end of it, so far as life is concerned. Not so here; the stump sprouts like our chestnut. This tenacity of life is evinced in other ways on this coast. You can produce apples and pears from *cuttings*. Cut off a limb of one year's growth, stick it in the ground, and in two years you may pluck splendid fruit from the new tree. The rapidity of growth exceeds any thing ever seen in the East. I have seen trees as large as a man's body that were but six years old. There is a species of tree imported from Australia that for rapidity of growth exceeds any thing I had ever imagined. At Napa, William Hamilton, Esq., formerly from Iowa, has in his front yard two of these trees growing which are two years old. The largest one is more than eight inches in diameter at the

ground, and more than thirty feet high. The black pepper tree produces a beautiful shade in four or five years. Our sweet alder attains a diameter of more than two feet in Oregon and California, and our common alder grows large enough for "saw-logs."

But in the Sierra Nevada range of mountains are the most wonderful of all trees. The hackmatack grows much larger here than in the East ; and there are several varieties of white and red firs which attain an enormous size and height, some of them reaching an altitude of three hundred feet. But the two most remarkable trees of the coast, and of the world, so far as size is concerned, remain to be described.

The first of these is the sugar pine. It is so called from the fact that it produces from the heart of the tree, not from the turpentine or sap, a *light brown granulated sugar*—not in large quantities, nor quite as sweet as Orleans sugar, which it most resembles, but granulated sugar nevertheless. This sugar is gathered for the medical properties it is supposed to contain. The sugar pine attains the height of over three hundred feet, and a diameter of twenty feet, is straight and symmetrical, and beautiful beyond every thing in the shape of pine to be found, so far as I know, upon the face of the earth. In a

full-grown tree, the limbs begin at the height of perhaps two hundred feet, grow at right angles to the trunk, and bear cones three to four inches in diameter and eighteen inches in length. Under each scale of these cones is a seed as large as a red-eyed bean, yielding an oil like a butter-nut or walnut, and is very pleasant to eat. By the last of September a bright transparent pitch or turpentine exudes from the scales of these cones, whose weight gives the limbs a graceful downward curve. This turpentine, glistening in the sunlight like myriads of precious gems over the surface of the tree-tops, affords one of the most gorgeous views imaginable in a forest of such trees. The timber of the sugar pine is of a superior quality, excelling in its satin-like texture all other varieties of pine. It grows at an altitude of one mile above the level of the sea. It produces shingles of the finest quality, and will soon take the place of the red-wood for a fine finishing material. But its inaccessibility has hitherto kept it out of the market.

XIV.

OTHER RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

CONSIDERING the variety, quantity, and quality of its fruits, I think that there can be no doubt that California is the first country in the world. For apples it can not equal Oregon. The same is probably true in regard to cherries. It is not superior to Oregon in plums ; it may not be in pears. In all these particulars Oregon will astonish every beholder. But I noticed one thing in my last visit to Oregon which gave me some uneasiness. The apple-trees are in a multitude of cases dying, though yet very young. On inquiring for the reason of this, some affirmed that it resulted from want of attention in trimming and cultivating them. Others said the unusually hard Winter two years ago had proved too severe for the trees. I fear neither of these reasons is the true one. An apple-tree will not die at eight, or ten, or twenty years old, simply for want of cultivation and trim-

ming. And no severity of Winter in Oregon at all equals the cold in New York and New England, where the trees remain unharmed. I hope the true reason may be that the trees have exhausted themselves by the enormous amount of fruit which they have been allowed to bear, because this evil can be remedied by removing as much of the young fruit as may be necessary. But while Oregon may excel or equal California in the items named, in peaches, grapes, prunes, apricots, nectarines, figs, almonds, English walnuts, oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, California may challenge the world. I have seen apples raised here fifteen and a half inches in circumference, and peaches twelve and a quarter inches, and pears at least three times as large as I ever saw elsewhere, and plums more than four times as large as the same varieties used to grow in the East before the insects destroyed them.

At San Jose there are old pear orchards that have been bearing for seventy years. The trees are as large and as tall as pretty good specimens of forest trees, and bearing still an abundance of this most delicate fruit. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that some of these trees bear a hundred bushels each in a single season. Every variety of grape ever heard of, so far as I know, does well in this country. I have seen

clusters myself that in every particular answered the description of the grapes of Eshcol. The figs are not inferior to the best varieties from Smyrna. Strawberries may be cultivated in the open fields every month in the year. A gentleman in Santa Clara, whose premises I visited, informed me that he gathered forty pounds last year on Christmas-day, and his neighbor gathered sixty pounds on New Year's. When millions of people settle in the mountains of the Great Sierra and Rocky Mountain ranges, as they ere-long will, to extract the precious metals, what a market will be opened for these luscious fruits! Owing to the peculiarity of the California climate, fruit need not go to waste here. It can be dried with a facility unknown to moister climates. All that is necessary is to slice peaches, pears, and apples into thin parcels and spread them upon boards in the open air. This is all that needs be done. No dew falls at the season of the year when these fruits are ripe, and all the attention it requires is, that it be stored away when sufficiently dry. In this way the Atlantic States can be largely supplied with California fruits. As yet no insect has in the least disturbed it.

Raisins can be manufactured, and are now manufactured, by the simple process of drying. Prunes are manufactured in the same way.

Besides its grain and fruit, California bids fair to become an extensive silk-growing country. Those who have devoted special attention to raising silk in other countries affirm that here are all the conditions of perfect success. The climate exactly suits the growth of the mulberry-tree, and also the constitution of the silk-worm. There are no thunder-storms on the Pacific coast. These are great enemies to the silk-worm. In the second place, there are no driving rain-storms of any kind. These conditions are exactly such as successful silk culture requires. And this is not mere theory. The experiment has been in successful operation for several years, and with continually increasing success.

The Japanese have already established a colony for tea-growing in California, with good hope of success. California is, perhaps, the first State in the Union for wool-growing. Immense quantities of wool and woollen fabrics are already exported, and an extensive trade must ere long spring up between California and Japan, in which woollen goods will be exchanged for silk and porcelain.

In the mean time there is a great religious problem to be solved on this coast which may well give us all anxious concern. China and Japan are beginning to pour their hordes of idolators

into all this region. They are in Oregon and Nevada, and beginning to penetrate Colorado and Nebraska and Kansas. The hand of Providence is doubtless in this movement. We have been slow to obey the great commandment of the Lord to preach the Gospel to every creature, and God is now bringing these heathen to our doors. They have come for gold, but God doubtless has sent them for the Gospel. Enough of these strangers could come here to outnumber all the inhabitants of the United States and yet not be missed at home. If we fail to Christianize them as they come, what is to become of us and them? Every Christian in the land has a deep concern in this question, and every one who loves his fellows, and desires the advancement of Christ's kingdom, should pray and labor for the salvation of these incoming multitudes. The Chinese problem in this country is the great problem before the Church to-day. It is the most momentous missionary question of this century. Is there faith enough, is there benevolence enough, is there power enough with God in the American Church to solve this problem as it must be solved, in the salvation of those whom God has sent to us for his Gospel?

XV.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

STEAM-SHIP JAPAN, *September 9, 1869.* }
Latitude $37^{\circ} 3'$, Longitude $143^{\circ} 57'$. }

I PROPOSE in this letter to speak of some of the inhabitants of the sea which attract the notice of persons traveling, and which contribute something toward making a sea-voyage endurable. I say *endurable*, for to me it is hardly *enjoyable*, taken as a whole. It is a kind of prison. We sleep on a shelf, and often go to the table when the ship is rocking so that when a cup of tea or coffee is poured out it upsets instantly, spilling the contents upon the table-cloth or into your lap, just as is most convenient. Then, worse than all, is the miserable seasickness—decidedly the most good-for-nothing feeling that a person ever had.

But I am to speak of the inhabitants of the sea—some of them—and, to begin with small things, I will first speak of the flying-fish.

THE FLYING-FISH.

This is a small animal, varying from four to twelve inches in length, with a white silvery breast. The motion of their wings reminds you of the chimney-swallow. These fish dart out of the water and fly sometimes as much as six or seven hundred feet, generally near the water. When at the end of their journey they drop suddenly into the sea and disappear. They are more abundant in southern waters than in northern, and sometimes a flock of a hundred or more will fly out at once. It is not true, as some have said, that they can fly only in straight lines. I have often seen them make a sudden turn in their flight.

There is a kind of fish that hunts them in the sea, and a kind of bird that hunts them when flying in the air. At such a time the poor flying-fish is, as the soldiers say, between two fires. I saw a very exciting scene of this kind between San Francisco and Panama. It was in a place thickly inhabited by the flying-fish, and a school of dolphins were pursuing them. The way the dolphins hunt them is this: They go down into the water below them, and then, looking up toward the light, can see them, and so, springing upward, attempt to seize them. The flying-

fish, to escape, leap out of the water and fly till their wings become dry. In this locality was a large flock of gulls, which live on these fish. Their habit is, whenever a fish flies out of the water, to take after him, and seize and swallow him without ceremony. You can well imagine that, with hundreds of dolphins below leaping after them, and with hundreds of birds in the air diving after every one as soon as it appeared above the water, both birds and fish causing the sea to boil like a cauldron—you can easily imagine, I say, that the scene was exciting. I could not help feeling sorry for the flying-fish; and yet, for aught I know, they enjoyed the sport, playing with the other birds and fish a kind of “hide-and-seek.” Besides, such fish would not probably suffer as much, if they are capable of suffering at all, to die in this way, as to die of old age or hunger, having none to minister to their wants.

THE NAUTILUS.

Another small animal which very much interests the lover of natural history is the nautilus. This fish has a shell like the common snail, but much larger, sometimes being five or six inches in diameter. Attached to this shell is a circular sail, which is spread above the water, shaped like the crown of your hat, and of a purple color.

THE PORPOISE

is another fish that attracts much attention at sea. These generally go in large schools, especially the smaller variety—for there are two kinds of porpoises. The first average from four to six feet in length, and will weigh, I should think, from one to two hundred pounds. These fish travel by leaping out of the water, and giving a snort, as they jump out, sounding like the grunting of a hog. When there are thousands of them in a flock, as is often the case, the whole sea is in a foam with their motion. They are fond of moving along by the side of the ship. They will leap out of the water three or four—and sometimes more—feet, while they go forward eight or ten feet at each leap, and then remain in the water, sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter distances. As they move, they seem to have leaders or commanders, whose motions govern the entire school. I have seen a great number of them seemingly in a race with the ship, when suddenly the leader would turn at right angles, and every one of the school would follow the leader. The other species of porpoise is much larger, and much more sluggish in its motions. They are from ten to twenty feet long, and do not leap out of the water, but come up to breathe,

and in descending describe a curve of the body resembling the neck of a horse when tightly curbed by the bit. On this account they are sometimes called horse-fish.

Another and a very wicked fish often seen at sea is

THE SHARK.

There are many varieties of these—the white, red, blue, and black. In most of the southern harbors these voracious creatures come round the ship as soon as it stops, to see what they can find to eat. Off the coast of Oregon I saw a large school of these terrible creatures. They swam, as they always do, with their bodies just below the surface of the water, but the enormous fins upon their backs stood three feet above the water! There are in this variety two large fins on the back of each fish. These, I should say, were twelve feet apart. Such a creature could bite a man in two as easily as you could bite a cherry. The shark is a cold-blooded animal, and never comes to the surface to breathe, like the porpoise and the whale.

Then there is the huge

SEA-TURTLE,

which may be seen clumsily paddling along in the water. These are brought to New York to

furnish the famous turtle soup. If all those who are so fond of this soup knew how these creatures fare on the journey from the tropics to New York city, it would abate somewhat the zeal, I think, for this delicacy. They are taken out of the water, laid upon their backs upon the deck of the vessel, and so remain for days and weeks, until their eyes grow red with fever, and they often die on the way. Those that survive are served up for fat aldermen, and others who delight to eat outlandish things.

But another letter must conclude this subject

XVI.

MORE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

STEAM-SHIP JAPAN, }
Sept. 10, 1869. }

IN a former letter I described some of the animals most commonly seen at sea. You must remember that the same object on sea usually attracts more interest than it does on land. When a person has been for weeks on the water, and has not seen a house, nor a tree, nor any thing else but a circle of waters surrounding him as far as the eye can reach, he is glad to get a sight of any thing.

THE JELLY FISH

was at first an object of great interest to me. These fish abound in some localities in the Pacific Ocean, and doubtless in other oceans, but here is the only place in which I have seen them. Often after a high tide accompanied by a wind toward the land, the sea, on retiring to its former posi-

tion, leaves numbers of these creatures "high and dry" on the beach. They vary in size from an inch in diameter to the size of a wash-tub; I mean in *diameter*, for the largest of them are not more than from four to six inches in thickness. When thus left on shore they look at a little distance like a huge glass fruit-dish. Their form is circular, being thickest in the middle and growing regularly thinner toward the edges, like a double convex lens. They are armed with a poison sting. On this account it is not safe to handle them without guarding against this poison. It is said by those who have examined them with a microscope, that this sting is an exceedingly minute harpoon attached to a cord so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

The animal has no fins nor any other provision, as it would at first seem, for moving or swimming in the water, but is to all appearance, as its name imports, a mass of transparent, or rather translucent, jelly. How then shall it manage to swim?

I was not able to solve this question until my last trip to Oregon a few weeks since. In this journey, one afternoon, we ran through an immense number of them. The colony extended for miles, and we saw them by thousands. While moving in the water they remain in a *vertical*

position. If at the top of the water, instead of lying flat on the water they sit up edgewise, as the boys would say. Now for the manner of swimming. They suddenly change their form into a funnel shape, and then by contracting this funnel or hollow cone this expels the water, throwing it out of the large end of the cone or funnel. The reaction thus produced propels them in the direction of the apex or little end of the funnel. By repeating this maneuver they are able to move with facility through the water. Who taught them to resort to this singular method, and so far as we can see, only possible method of locomotion? The infinitely wise and benevolent Creator.

SEA LIONS.

On the same trip which afforded this method of studying the habits of the jelly fish, we passed through an extensive colony of sea lions. These animals are a species of seal. Some of them are nearly as large as an ox, probably quite as heavy as an ordinary ox. Their fore limbs are something like arms, something like the wing of a bat, and somewhat like the fin of a fish. Their tail more resembles that of a fish. By means of these equipments they can and do climb to the top of high and pretty steep rocks. They have

their rocky homes where they lounge after getting their meal of fish. They congregate in companies of fifty or a hundred on the rocks, and keep up a great noise, like a disorderly political meeting where all want to speak at the same time.

But those we saw on our way to Oregon were in the deep water, and appeared to be making a journey. They are amphibious and can live a long time under water. But this colony seemed particularly disturbed by our presence, and the largest of them would stretch up their necks out of the water and growl angrily at us, as if we were intruders in their dominions.

There is a locality near San Francisco where these seals are permitted to have undisturbed possession of their ancient home, and where their habits can be studied to great advantage by those who feel an interest in getting acquainted with this world and its inhabitants.

THE WHALE.

But, after all, the whale, as the miners would say, is the "biggest thing," and naturally excites the most attention of a sea voyager, especially at first. And I want to say to the boys that very erroneous impressions are often entertained of the "spouting" of the whale, as it is called. This

spouting is nothing more than breathing. The whale, although living in the water, is not a fish. It would drown as surely as an ox or a man if not allowed to come to the surface to breathe. I say as surely, though not so soon, for he can hold his breath under water for an hour, while the ox could not do it probably more than a minute. The whale travels under water, but comes to the surface to breathe, and often it begins to exhale or blow out its breath before getting quite to the surface. This causes the spray to rise, sometimes to the height of twenty or thirty feet, accompanied by a noise like the letting off of a rocket or the escape of steam.

The tail of the whale is as much as two feet thick in the thinnest place, and the flat part lies horizontal, like that of the halibut, and not like ordinary fish. These animals are sometimes a hundred feet long. I saw the skeleton of one washed up on the beach that was ninety feet long. The day before I was in Astoria a small steam-tug collided with a whale at the mouth of the Columbia River. When the whale becomes infested with barnacles, as they often do, they have a habit of breaching; that is, coming up from a great depth with such rapidity as to shoot their whole length upward and falling on to the water knock the barnacles off.

XVII.

HOW THE SEA IS NAVIGATED.

STEAM-SHIP JAPAN, *September 25, 1869.* }
Latitude 35° ; N. Longitude $147^{\circ} 37'$ E. }

I PROPOSE to explain to my younger readers something about the method of navigating the ocean. It is necessary that we should at all times, as far as possible, know just where we are, otherwise we may be dashed upon rocks, and driven on to dangerous shores, or be caught among icebergs and crushed to death. On land, the number of revolutions a wheel of a buggy or carriage makes in a given time tells us how far we have traveled in that time. And at sea there is a machine for registering the exact number of revolutions made by the paddle-wheels, or by the screw, if it be a screw steamer. But the difficulty is, the steam-ship does not go forward a distance equal to the circumference of the wheel at each revolution, as a buggy does on land. You may say we might try its speed with a given

amount of steam between points whose distance are exactly known, and by this means find out how fast the ship goes each hour, and by this means tell how far she goes in any given number of hours. But the difficulty in the way of this plan is, that sometimes the wind blows against the ship, that is, sometimes the wind is directly ahead, hindering the speed, and sometimes it is behind the ship, helping it along, and sometimes it blows against the sides, taking it out of its course. Besides this, there are currents in the sea, or rivers, strange as it may seem, larger and stronger than the Mississippi, and when the ship gets into one of these currents or rivers, it is carried forward or backward, or sidewise, and so all our reckonings made by the methods just stated are subject to too much variation to be depended upon.

The method most used at sea for determining the rate of speed the ship makes is the *log*. The *log* in general use, until within a very short time, consisted of a piece of wood with lead fastened into one end of it, so that it would remain in the same position in the water. To this wood or *log* was attached a long line or cord wound round a reel. This *log*, thus attached to the string, was then thrown out behind the ship, and remained stationary, or nearly so, on the water, while the

forward motion of the ship unwound the cord from the reel, which was made to move very easily. Thus the amount of cord which ran off from the reel in a given time showed how far the ship went in that time, and so determined its velocity.

A new kind of log has now come into use, called Massey's Patent, which consists of a copper tube, at one end of which is an arrangement consisting of *fan-shaped wings* attached to the main shaft, something in the form of a screw. This is thrown out at the hinder end of the ship, after being attached to a cord, and the motion of the ship causes this tube to revolve horizontally, and the number of revolutions in a given time are registered by the machine itself and indicate the velocity per hour. But currents in the sea or rivers, as before explained, interfere with this new log as much as with the old one. How the matter is remedied we shall see in another place.

Then, besides knowing how fast we are sailing it is necessary for our success, as well as for our safety, to know in what direction we are going. When we can not see the sun, nor moon, nor stars, as is often the case, we have to depend on the compass. This is so hung by means of a double joint that it is always level, however the ship may roll about. But there are many places

at sea where the compass does not point to the North Pole, and I have seen places where the variation was as much as thirty degrees, while a variation of a quarter of one degree would be enough to dash every thing to pieces. Besides this, winds and currents carry the ship out of its course even with the needle pointing all the time to the North Pole, and after a hard blow at right angles to the course the ship is going, or a strong current, the ship may be fifty miles more or less out of the path she desires to travel. What is to be done then ?

The first time the sun can be seen at noon, the captain takes an observation with an instrument called a sextant, made for the purpose, and determines the exact moment when it is noon, by ascertaining at what moment the sun is the highest, as it is always the highest at noon. Having accomplished this, he now turns to his *chronometers*, which are instruments for keeping exact time, better than any watch or clock. These chronometers show him exactly what time it is at London, where we begin to reckon longitude, as they have been set to London time and have kept that time exactly ever since. It is known that the sun moves, or seems to move, north and south of the equator at different times in the year, being highest in the north temperate

zone in the Summer and lowest in the Winter. Now, by referring to the nautical almanac, or to nautical tables prepared for the purpose, he ascertains the exact latitude in which the sun at noon has the altitude which he has just taken. This shows him his exact latitude. If he can take an observation on the north star at night, this will also enable him to ascertain his latitude, as it is always equal to the north star. Having got the latitude all right, we will now see how the longitude is found. We have seen how, by the observation taken, the captain determines by the highest point when it is noon. His chronometers tell him what time it is at that very moment in London. Now the sun passes over fifteen degrees of longitude every hour, and one degree every four minutes, and places west of London have slower time and places east have faster time than at London, and this difference in time enables us to determine exactly how many degrees we are either east or west of London, and so to know our exact longitude. For example: When we have taken our observation at noon, we return to our chronometer and find that it is now six o'clock in the afternoon at London. We know that the sun moves through three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude each twenty-four hours. That gives fifteen degrees each hour,

Now this six hours difference requires ninety degrees of longitude, and we know that we are ninety degrees west from London. Suppose when we made the observation we found that at London it was but nine o'clock in the forenoon. Then we should know that we were forty-five degrees east from London. The life of a whole ship-load of passengers depends upon the correctness of these observations and the perfection of the chronometers. A variation of one-quarter of a minute would make an error in the reckoning of *four miles*, which might be calamitous to the last degree. With such exceeding great care have these instruments been made that one has been known to vary but seven-tenths of a second in nine months. Is it not worthy of remark that we have to turn to the heavens to ascertain our true position on earth? In more than one respect this is so.

XVIII.

NOTES AT SEA.

STEAM-SHIP JAPAN, *September 25, 1869.* }
Lat. 35° N.; Lon. $147^{\circ} 37'$ E. }

PROBABLY but few people have any adequate idea of the size of China steam-ships. I will furnish a few items, as I have gathered them from the officers of the Japan, on which we are sailing.

The length of the ship is three hundred and eighty feet. Length of beam fifty feet. Breadth, measuring by the paddle-wheels, seventy-eight feet. Diameter of the wheels forty feet. The ship will carry four thousand three hundred and fifty-two tons, and consumes fifty tons of coal each day. It will carry fifteen hundred passengers. The weight of engines, boilers, cylinders, and walking beam with attachments, is over three hundred tons. Stroke of piston twelve feet. Size of cylinder eight feet nine inches. There are in all sixteen cylinders of all kinds. There are

two anchors weighing four tons each, to which are attached enormous chains, made of iron wire two and one quarter inches in diameter. Each link of chain is fourteen inches long, and eight inches wide, and there is a strong transverse bar in every link to keep the links from elongating. The ship carries twelve large life-boats, and fourteen hundred life-preservers. There are four boilers, that is, four large boilers, each twenty-five feet long, sixteen and three-quarter feet wide, and twelve feet high, and for each boiler there are six fires. There are seven hundred and twenty feet of hose belonging to the ship to be used in case of fire. The ship, on leaving for China, takes on sixteen hundred tons of coal, and with this amount steers for Yokohama, and the engine never stops its motion until we reach there. The cost of the ship is *one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. The amount of canvas when all is spread is twenty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty square feet, or considerably more than half an acre. The quantity of piping used is enormous, and would load down an ordinary ship.

The steamer is altogether the most commodious, and the most comfortable, of any ocean steamer I have ever seen, and admitted by all competent judges to be inferior to no ocean

steamer that ever floated on the water, and equaled only by others of the same line. The saloons, promenades, and berths are all that such things can be on shipboard, and the table is better furnished than I have ever found elsewhere at sea. The provisions are of a better quality, and better cooked. All sailors and servants on board are Chinamen. They are very obliging, never impudent, and impress every one favorably with the propriety of their deportment. We have about six hundred Chinamen, besides the sailors and servants, on board. These go for \$50 each in the steamer, while the passage money for all others, without reduction for any consideration, is \$304.50 in gold. Even this does not include incidentals necessary to make one comfortable, amounting to, say \$15 more.

The Chinamen on board as passengers take this opportunity to lay in sleep enough for three months to come. Unless they were driven out of their quarters, the most of them would only be out of their berths long enough to eat their rice, when they would immediately go to bed again.

Besides the Chinamen who are returning home as passengers, there are about forty others on board. Among these are several consuls going to different ports in China, and several sea cap-

tains going to join their ships. Dr. Prime, editor of the New York Observer, with his wife, Mr. Atterbury, of New York, with his son and daughter, a Mr. Van Rensselaer, and a Miss Parsons, making in all a company of seven, are on a trip round the world. We have had a most delightful passage over the Pacific Ocean, thus far, and we are, at the time of this writing, within four hundred miles of the Japanese Islands.

Too much can not be said in favor of the officers of the steamer, from the captain down. Various devices have been resorted to, to make the trip enjoyable. There is on shipboard a good piano, and a small but very select library. Then some enterprising parties have extemporized a newspaper, called the "Ocean Wave," (long may she wave!) which affords much amusement, especially its daily dispatches from home, and from all parts of the world. We have also had a number of very interesting lectures on various subjects, which, in addition to the amusement afforded, have furnished much valuable information. One who has not had the experience can hardly imagine how greedily any thing is enjoyed that breaks up the monotony of a sea voyage. Day after day, and week after week, you see nothing but one vast waste of waters. Every unusual cloud is watched with anxiety, and a company

will sometimes amuse themselves with imaginary resemblances which they would never think of on land. We take out the photographs of loved ones at home, and, not content with seeing them ourselves, show them to others, affording them an opportunity of seeing what beautiful wives and children, brothers, and sisters, and cousins we have.

A few faithful birds of the Albatross species have followed all the way. These birds have very long wings, some of the varieties measuring fifteen feet from tip to tip, and fly with an ease and grace which must be seen to be appreciated. I have seen them fly toward every point of compass, ascend and descend, performing every kind of circle and evolution, without stirring their wings. I consider the flight of these birds as a wonderful manifestation of the wisdom of God, in showing us to what uses he can put the laws of nature. I had not supposed that birds followed ships all the way across the Pacific, but this kind does. They have feet like a duck, and when they need rest they alight on the water, and can easily, after a night's rest, overtake the vessel again in a few hours in the morning. They live on the crumbs from the table. These, with an occasional stray bird, a few flying-fish, and two whales, are all the animal life I have seen

for twenty-two days. It may be that some who see these lines may take no interest in such descriptions. I see God in these things, and if God can afford to make them and care for them, I can afford to look at them and study them. One of the most interesting books, as well as one of the best vindications of Revelation against a heartless philosophy, is written by the Duke of Argyle, and largely taken up with the description of a bird's wing.

XIX.

“LOST A DAY.”

STEAM-SHIP JAPAN, *September 26, 1869,* }
Latitude $35^{\circ} 55'$; Longitude $170^{\circ} 46'$, E. }

YESTERDAY was Sunday. Day before yesterday was Friday. What was with my readers Saturday, the 18th of September, was with us a *dies non*. It was dropped out; thrown overboard; ignored; treated as if it had never existed. If Job had managed to be born in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on the 18th of September, or any other day as the ship was passing the 180th meridian from Greenwich, he could have had his wish when he said, “Let the day perish wherein I was born; as for the night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months.” This day was dropped out of our reckoning as though it had never existed, and we passed directly from Friday, the 17th, to Sunday, the 18th of September, 1869.

It will be my object to explain to the youthful portion of my readers the reason of this singular proceeding. On account of it we have had two Sundays with but five days between; and on returning by the same route it is possible to have two Sundays come together, or two Saturdays, and the same of all other days.

But now for the explanation. The revolution of the earth on its axis from west to east gives the sun an apparent motion round the earth from east to west once in twenty-four hours. The succession of day and night is just the same, therefore, as if the sun went round from east to west. The earth's circumference at the equator is divided into three hundred and sixty equal parts, or supposed to be so divided, by lines cutting the equator at right angles and coming to a point at each pole. These lines, or imaginary lines, are called *meridians* of longitude. If we divide these three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude by twenty-four, the number of hours in a day, the quotient will be fifteen; and as the earth makes an entire revolution, or revolves three hundred and sixty degrees in twenty-four hours, it makes one twenty-fourth part of a revolution, or fifteen degrees in one hour, and one degree in the fifteenth part of an hour, or four minutes. In popular language, therefore, the sun moves through

fifteen degrees of longitude every hour, and through one degree every four minutes. A degree of longitude at the equator is about sixty-nine and a half English miles, and grows less as we approach the poles; being but half this distance in latitude sixty. If, of two towns, one is situated a degree west of the other, the most westerly town will be behind its eastern neighbor four minutes in time; that is to say, when it is exactly noon at the eastern town it will lack four minutes of noon at the western town; and for towns fifteen degrees apart there will be an hour of difference in time. This is the reason why a watch regulated to New York time will be too fast at Chicago or St. Louis. If an hour's difference of time in two places requires fifteen degrees of longitude, then twelve hours' time will require twelve times fifteen degrees, or one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude. If, therefore, a man travels from any point westward over one hundred and eighty degrees, or half the circumference of the earth, the westerly point will be twelve hours behind the eastern; that is to say, supposing the day to commence at midnight, when it is noon of September 18th at the western point it is midnight, or the beginning of Sunday morning, September 19th, at the eastern point.

Now, if instead of moving westward the move-

ment is eastward, it is plain that a point fifteen degrees east would be an hour earlier instead of an hour late than the starting point, and one hundred and eighty degrees would be twelve hours earlier ; that is, when it is midnight or the beginning of Sunday morning at the starting point it is Sunday noon at the distance of one hundred and eighty degrees east ; so that there is exactly one whole day of twenty-four hours difference in time, as reckoned by two parties, one of whom goes west and the other east until they meet on the one hundred and eightieth meridian or any other.

The starting point from which the longitude is reckoned, as agreed upon among English and American navigators, is Greenwich, near London ; and the one hundred and eightieth meridian from Greenwich is in nearly the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The points between London and this, so far as the English are concerned, have generally been made by an easterly movement from London, and so places near the one hundred and eightieth meridian will be nearly twelve hours earlier in time than London. The English in India, and in China, and in the missionary stations in the islands of the Pacific have established the days of the weeks and months in accordance with the principles here explained.

and the calculations in the nautical almanac and other nautical tables are also conformable to such reckoning. The result is, that when a vessel moving westward crosses the one hundred and eightieth meridian it must drop out a day to bring up its time to the local dates beyond this time; and when a vessel sailing eastward crosses this same line it must take on an additional day to put it back to the dates when it goes beyond this line. If it come to this line on any particular day of the week it must duplicate that day, making two Saturdays, Sundays, or Wednesdays, as the case may be, in the same week. Thus all confusion is avoided, and the dates come right. On returning this same steam-ship Japan must duplicate the day on which she crosses the one hundred and eightieth meridian from Greenwich.

The following method of explanation may help some to understand the matter :

Suppose a man could go round the globe in a single day, starting at noon, and traveling westward over fifteen degrees of longitude each of the twenty-four hours. It is plain he would keep under the sun the whole twenty-four hours, and the sun would appear to him to stand still. It would be noon to him during the entire journey round the earth, and he would lose a day. If he went in two days he would be conscious of

but one revolution of the sun; if in three days he would be conscious of but two revolutions, and so on. And whatever time he required for the journey, the sun would make one more revolution than he would be conscious of. If, on crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian, therefore, he should skip from the 17th to the 19th of September, if these dates should correspond with his arrival there, such a skipping of a day would bring forward his reckoning to agree with the revolution of the sun of which he was unconscious, and his days of the week and month would all be right on arriving at home.

On the other hand, supposing the sun to stand still, and a man to travel round the earth in twenty-four hours, in an *easterly* direction, the sun would appear to rise and set during this time, making one entire revolution. Let a man be supposed to make this journey in twenty-four hours, and the sun perform a revolution from east to west in the same time, then there would appear to him to be two revolutions of the sun, whereas there was but one, and so on. Whatever time it might require to circumnavigate the globe in an easterly direction, there would be one more apparent revolution of the sun to such a traveler than to a person remaining stationary, and he would have one too many days in his reckoning.

If, now, on crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian, he repeats the day on which he meets it, he thus corrects his reckoning to the true time for points beyond. For example, he has counted one too many days, and made it the 18th of September when it is but the 17th. If he repeats the 18th, making two 18th days of September, this will put back his time to the true reckoning, and when he gets round home he will be all right.

By dropping out a day is simply meant skipping over it; by bringing forward our reckoning a day, and by taking on a day, is meant only the putting back our reckoning a day, by making two successive days have the same date.

The revolution of the earth on its axis is the true measure of a day. But when we travel west, for reasons already explained, we make each day a little longer than the true day, and by the time we have got round the globe we have lengthened every day in our journey a little, and this aggregate lengthening amounts to just one true day. We have diminished the number of days by one, by making every day a little too long. When we have got half round the globe this error in our reckoning amounts to half a day, so at this point we correct our error by bringing forward our reckoning a whole day.

This correction is, of course, too much; but as soon as we have passed more than half-way round it amounts to more than half a day, and the error is every moment increasing. If the error is to be corrected all at once—and this is the only practicable way to make the correction—then it should be done whenever it amounts to more than half a day. When the journey is made in an easterly direction every day is shortened a little in our reckoning, and by the time we have made the circuit of the earth this error amounts to a true day—that is to say, we have made three hundred and sixty-six days instead of three hundred and sixty-five, by making every day a little too short. The correction is made all at once, as in the other case, when it amounts to more than half a day, by putting back our reckoning a day—that is, by having two days of the week and month of the same name and date.

If Washington, instead of London, had been the starting-point—that is, the point from which we begin to reckon longitude—then, of course, the one hundred and eightieth meridian would have been further west than it is by seventy-seven degrees. But the present arrangement is better. The one hundred and eightieth meridian, as now arranged, passes through no division of

land, except a little portion of Eastern Asia on the west side of Behring's Straits, and it touches, perhaps, one of the Fiji Islands, whereas the one hundred and eightieth meridian from Washington goes right through Russia in Asia, China, Siam, etc. Now, as places on the opposite sides of this line, for reasons already sufficiently explained, will have different days of the week and month, it being Sunday, the 19th of September, on one side, while it is Saturday, the 18th, on the other, as in our late experience, thus causing much confusion where the line should pass through thickly populated countries, it is most fortunate that a line has been established where no such confusion can occur.



